The Outlook

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SENATOR BEVERIDGE ON THE WAR

Ex-Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, has just come back from a visit to the battle-fronts of the European war. At a dinner of the Sphinx Club, an association of influential business men of New York City, on Tuesday evening of last week, Mr. Beveridge, who was the speaker of the evening, gave a vivid account of some of his experiences and an interpretation of what he believes will be the effect of the war on future European history.

Mr. Beveridge has very marked skill as a public speaker and writer, and his narration of his physical and his psychological adventures was highly interesting. The physical horrors of the war he acknowledged beggar any collection of adjectives known to the English tongue. But it was not the horrors that impressed him; it was the wonderful human qualities of precision, orderliness, loyalty, co-operation, self-sacrifice, and spiritual devotion among officers and men on both sides. It is impossible, he thinks, at this time to predict either the length or the outcome of the war. While both sides are confident, the ablest leaders of Germany and of the Allies are refraining from prediction. But, in his judgment, whichever side is victorious, there is one effect of the war that can be prophesied with reasonable certainty. His prophecy is that the progress of democracy and social justice will have an enormous impetus in Europe as a result of the conflict.

He wished to avoid the use of the word Socialism in its partisan and political sense, but he expressed the belief that great steps had been taken in the direction of the socialization of government which can never be retraced. In Germany the Government under martial law has taken over practically all industry, is regulating prices, and is directing the employment of men in civil life as well as in the ranks of the army. This is so successful that it is likely to go on after peace has been attained.

England has passed what is known as the Commandeering Bill. This brief but very comprehensive and potent act of Parliament enables the Government to take over the railways, the docks, private industrial factories, and actually to tell a private citizen what he shall do and what he shall not do in the form of industry. The same economic movement is observable in France. For generations civilized countries have recognized not only the right but the propriety of government direction of armies for the public safety in time of war. Europe has suddenly awakened to the fact that the same right and propriety may lie in government direction of industry for the public welfare in times of peace.

Mr. Beveridge believes that we do not yet realize in this country what the European war has done in a few weeks to develop and establish in practice the idea of co-operative industry under government direction. The lesson which he draws is that America must also in the field of industry and commerce turn from the selfish, competitive individualism of the *laissez-faire* school of economics to co-operation and socialization, and to the belief that wealth is not an end but a means for intellectual and spiritual development, if we are not to be hopelessly left behind by Europe in the world's progress at the close of the war.

A MAYOR AND HIS CONSTITUENTS

We do not think it an exaggeration to say that the Mayor of the city of New York holds an official position second only in importance to that of the President of the United States. This is not merely because he has very largely under his control the health, the education, the annual income, and the morals of nearly six million people, but also because his failures or successes in solving municipal problems set an example for every municipality in the United States. For this reason Mayor Mitchel's account of the first fifteen months of his administration is of National as well as local interest. He gave such an account last

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week at a public dinner tendered to him and his colleagues by the "Fusion Committee of 107" which nominated him in 1913. It was a strong, clear, frank, and able speech, and marked him as a man of National caliber.

Mayor Mitchel discussed his appointments, the Police Department, the Health Department, the Street-Cleaning Department, the Dock Department, the Department of Correction, the Department of Charities, the financial and tax situation, as well as other phases of his administration. Space forbids us to go into the record in full. Two or three items of human interest, however, may be referred to.

Dr. Goldwater, the Health Commissioner, has established "an advisory council of one hundred and seventy-five representatives of science and of the business and social life of the city," with which he consults from time to time. The result of his work "is reflected in the lowered general death rate and lowest infant mortality rate of any city in the United States."

By inference the Mayor had a good word to say for the municipal operation of public utilities when he pointed out the fact that the Staten Island Ferry, owned and operated by the city, which in 1912 lost $189,000, made last year, the first of his administration, a profit of fifteen thousand dollars.

The only woman present at the dinner was the Commissioner of Corrrection, Miss Katherine B. Davis, and she was there, not as a guest, but as a responsible official of the city. The Mayor stated that by the application of Miss Davis's plans for the management of prisoners the Department may be made self-supporting in the near future instead of costing the taxpayers nearly a million and a half dollars annually. This self-supporting system not only saves the taxpayer, but benefits the health, social efficiency, character, and happiness of the prisoners as well.

It was clear from the Mayor's address that he is as deeply interested in the social side of municipal government as in any other phase. He urgently advocated a small Board of Education and appealed for a greater power of home rule and a greater freedom from State legislative interference. He announced that fifty-four cities of the State have united in a federation to demand of the Constitutional Convention greater powers of self-government for cities. He asked for the support of the citizens of New York, and said, we think rightly, that the greatest obstacle which good government has to struggle with is the apathy of the very people who need good government for their protection and welfare. New York is in effect governed to-day on the commission and city manager plan, and it is working very well.

THE NEW HAVEN ROAD

Last week, in an address at Norwich, Connecticut, Mr. Howard Elliott, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, gave the first official confirmation of the gratifying turn in that company's fortunes. For the latest month of record all except two of the many properties controlled by it showed an increase in net returns over 1914. This increase is being maintained, and Mr. Elliott expects that at the close of the fiscal year, June 30 next, the company will be shown to be fully earning its fixed charges and to have a balance for the payment of debts and improvements.

Speaking of the physical valuation of railway property, Mr. Elliott declared his belief that, on any fair basis, there will be more than enough value found in the great terminals of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Company to offset the losses that may be sustained in selling certain of its properties under the decree of the Federal Court. It will be remembered that the Administration at Washington took the attitude that the company was acting contrary to law in holding the Boston and Maine and various trolley properties. Accordingly the company and the Department of Justice completed, in October last, an adjustment under which some of these properties were to be put in the hands of trustees for management and sale at the proper time.

In an effort to obtain a proper platform upon which to place the New Haven financial structure, the company has asked to have the laws of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts amended in certain particulars. Like other inter-State roads, so the New Haven has to deal with conflicting laws in different States; hence Mr. Elliott wishes that we had a Federal incorporation act for those railways the majority of whose business is inter-State. As he says, exclusive Federal jurisdiction over corporate affairs and affairs of finance would not interfere with the rights of the States in matters of local regulation; moreover, a simplification of relations so that they become only those

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between the railway and one central Government agency as to corporate and financial questions would save much time and energy now used by officers in appearing before many different State organizations.

As the transportation business of the United States is next to agriculture in importance, in volume, and in its relation to the welfare of the whole country, it should, Mr. Elliott thinks, have a defender in the councils of the Cabinet. Hence he believes, as do some other railway authorities, that it would be well to have a Department of Transportation, with a Secretary of Transportation at the head of it, who should be a member of the Cabinet.

THE CHICAGO ELECTION

Chicago is wondering what sort of a Mayor the city is to have during the next four years in William Hale Thompson, elected to the office on April 6 by the record-breaking plurality of 147,977. The size of the plurality, taken in conjunction with the fact that National issues were freely injected into the campaign by the successful candidate, has caused the election to be regarded by many as an indication of Republican success in the Nation in 1916, and Mr. Thompson himself gives his election that interpretation. The brief account of the election in The Outlook last week may now be supplemented by information from a well-informed correspondent in Chicago.

The campaign preceding the election was remarkable in many ways. The two principal contestants were Thompson, the Republican nominee, and Robert M. Sweitzer, Democrat. The former had been a political associate and defender of William Lorimer, who was excluded from the United States Senate on the ground that corrupt means had been used to secure his election; the latter is a protégé of Roger Sullivan, gas magnate and leader of the Democratic machine.

Personalities and extraneous issues attracted more attention than did questions of municipal policy. The religious issue figured prominently. Sweitzer is a Roman Catholic, Thompson a Mason. Questions of nationality as related to the European war also were factors of importance. Sweitzer, as his name indicates, comes of a German-American father, although his mother is of Irish extraction and his personal affiliations are to a large degree Irish-American. At the close of the campaign a circular was distributed bearing the pictures of Emperor William of Germany and Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary. After reciting that Chicago has a larger German population than any other city in the world excepting Berlin and Vienna, the circular concludes: "Let us on next Tuesday, April 6, flash the message throughout the world that the second largest city in the United States has elected for its Mayor a German-American, Robert M. Sweitzer. It will be a wonderful encouragement to the friends of the German cause, and the most effective rebuke to the anti-German agitation throughout this country." Mr. Sweitzer's campaign managers disavowed responsibility for this circular, but it was distributed extensively by some one, and lost Sweitzer many votes, even among citizens of German ancestry.

Factional bitterness within the Democratic party also operated to the detriment of Sweitzer, whereas Republicans and former Progressives united at the finish in voting for Thompson, despite the disappointment immediately after the primaries over his nomination. Two of the successful candidates on the Republican ticket with Thompson—Charles N. Sergel for Treasurer and John Siman for City Clerk—were former Progressive party members. Many Democrats, especially followers of Mayor Harrison, refused to vote for Sweitzer because he was the Sullivan candidate. Whether properly or not, Thompson brought into the municipal campaign National issues, such as the tariff, prosperity, and the full dinner-pail, and undoubtedly made many votes by so doing. The "wet" and "dry" issue did not enter, as both Thompson and Sweitzer are men of extremely liberal views on matters relating to liquor and amusements.

Of the 670,000 votes cast in the election the women in Chicago cast over 240,000. In most respects the women's vote was divided among the candidates in about the same proportion as were those of the men. In one conspicuous instance, however, the women's vote insured the defeat of a notoriously unfit candidate for Alderman who would have been elected by the men's vote alone. The candidate was "Barney" Grogan, in the Eighteenth Ward, containing much lodging-house territory and many saloons.

THE NEW MAYOR

William Hale Thompson, the new Mayor, familiarly known as "Big Bill," is forty-six years old. His portrait appears on another

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page. His grandfather came to Chicago in 1830, which was seven years before its incorporation as a city. The grandfather helped draft the first charter of Chicago, and was chief of the first volunteer fire department of the city. The new Mayor's father served in the Civil War. Ownership of land in the business center of Chicago was the foundation of the family fortune.

Mr. Thompson was born in Boston, but he was taken to Chicago in infancy. As a young man he was a cowboy in the West and made money in cattle deals on his own account. After the death of his father he returned to Chicago and devoted himself to managing his inherited property and to such other matters—chiefly in the line of recreation—as interested him. He has given much time to athletic activities of various kinds, especially water sports. He served one term as Alderman and another as member of the Board of Cook County Commissioners, in neither of which positions did he distinguish himself or invite criticism. "The new Mayor," writes our Chicago correspondent, "is a man of energy, courage, and good fellowship. He is headstrong rather than pliable. While he would not be expected to take orders from a boss, he will be much influenced by his friends. Chicago is awaiting with interest the appointments of the new Mayor as an indication of the kind of administration he is likely to give."

CHICAGO'S NON-PARTISAN CITY COUNCIL

While Chicago's new Mayor is a partisan, the City Council, thirty-eight of whose seventy members were chosen April 6, is essentially a non-partisan body. The City Council of Chicago, as compared with the Mayor, is of more importance than the legislative body of any other American city except those having the commission or city manager form of government.

In choosing Aldermen the electors followed the recommendations of the Municipal Voters' League to a remarkable extent. Of the thirty-eight candidates elected, thirty had been indorsed by the League. The Republican landslide helped, as a majority of the candidates favored by the League were on the Republican ticket. But discrimination was shown by the election of Democratic or Socialist nominees in some wards that went heavily Republican for Mayor. Two Socialists were elected Aldermen, though the vote for the Socialist ticket as a whole was not large. One of the successful Socialists, John C. Kennedy, is a man of brilliant qualities, credited with being saner-minded than many other leaders of his party. He has been a teacher in Cornell University and in the University of Chicago, and has acted as an expert investigator on housing matters for the Chicago Association of Commerce. In Kennedy's ward Thompson's plurality over Sweitzer was 9,593. The Socialist candidate for Mayor polled only 2,247 votes in the ward, yet Kennedy secured 11,551 votes for Alderman, which was 4,000 more than the Republican nominee for Alderman received. It is clear that Kennedy's election was due mainly to independent rather than to Socialist party support. Alderman Merriam, Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago, Republican nominee for Mayor four years ago, was re-elected by a large majority.

The new Council is a capable body, which will aid the Mayor if he seeks to give the city a good administration, but is likely to prove a powerful obstacle to moves subversive of the public welfare. The new Council will be organized on non-partisan lines, as has been the custom for a number of years.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

American scholarship has lost one of its most distinguished men by the death of Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor Emeritus of English in the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University—a man who combined Old World thoroughness with New World freshness and humor.

No man was further removed from the dry-as-dust type than Dr. Lounsbury. He was as free in dealing with the forms of scholarship as if he were an untrained product of the soil. This breezy Americanism for a time stood in the way of a recognition of the solidity of his attainments. To a generation bred in the German idea that humor and literary quality are incongruous with scholarship, it seemed incredible that a scholarly writer could be as entertaining as Dr. Lounsbury. In time he overcame this prejudice, and for many years he has been secure in the recognition of the world as one of the foremost writers on Shakespearean subjects.

He was born in Ovid, New York, in the section through which classical names were scattered in the early days by a lover of

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classical history; and he studied at the Ovid Academy, one of those old-fashioned classical academies which were admirable instruments of liberal education. After two years of service as an assistant editor of "Appleton's Cyclopædia," in 1861 he enlisted and became a lieutenant in a regiment of New York volunteers; and in that regiment he served until peace was declared. It was often said that all the activities of a community could be organized by skilled men in any regiment in the Civil War; professors of the ancient and modern languages, eminent mathematicians, men of scientific attainment, as well as men skilled in all the trades, were to be found in almost every regiment. At the close of the war Dr. Lounsbury returned to miscellaneous literary work, and was appointed to the professorship of English in the Sheffield School, where he remained until he became professor emeritus in 1906.

The absorbing occupation of Dr. Lounsbury's active life was the study of the English language; his special interests were Chaucer and Shakespeare. His "Studies in Chaucer" are admirable for precision and sound judgment; while his books on "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" and "Shakespeare and Voltaire" are among the most interesting contributions to Shakespearean scholarship, uniting knowledge of the Shakespearean period with keen literary feeling and sound literary judgment. One of his latest books was "The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning," a real contribution to our knowledge of a period in the life of Browning which is fast fading into obscurity, and a book of such vivacity that it is not easy to associate it with the author of "Pauline" and "Paracelsus."

Dr. Lounsbury was a free-thinker in the matter of dealing with the English language. Himself an admirable practitioner of the art of sound writing and entirely at home on the history of the language, he believed that language is a thing of vital growth, that it must be kept fluid, and that it is enriched and vivified by holding the door open to new contributions from popular usage. It was in harmony with his general view that he co-operated with the movement towards simplified spelling; he was elected President of the Simplified Spelling Board in 1910. His contributions to philology and language in all its forms found place in the leading American magazines, where their lively interest was not eclipsed by the interest of the stories between which they were sometimes placed.

As a companion Dr. Lounsbury was one of the most delightful of men; genially interested in everything that was going on, devoid of pretension, and master of a delightful wit. He was a man of distinction, not only of attainment and of achievement, but of that simplicity of character which is one of the signs of greatness. Many learned societies honored him with membership; the oldest colleges conferred degrees upon him; and he was greatly interested in the organization and prosperity of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, of which he became an early member. That Academy has suffered heavily by death during the past few months; John Muir, Admiral Mahan, Charles Francis Adams, Hopkinson Smith, and Professor Lounsbury have all gone over to the majority.

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON

It would not be easy to find in the recent history of American journalism a case in which a newspaper and its editor have been so single in personality, character, and influence as have been the Kansas City "Star" and its owner and editor, William Rockhill Nelson, who died on Tuesday of last week at the age of seventy-four. One may almost say that for thirty-five years Nelson was the "Star" and the "Star" was Nelson. He is quoted as often declaring that he wished in all things to be independent but not neutral; whatever he advocated he fought for with vigor and persistence; he stood sincerely, and without a trace of cant or an offensive superiority, for public welfare; he never could be accused of working for personal cliques, special interests, or self-seeking partisanship. Because he held this attitude as regards National questions as truly as in municipal matters his paper had power and influence far beyond its local circulation.

The Kansas City "Star" is one of the great newspapers of the country; and it has been the force and independence of Colonel Nelson that have made it in some essential and vital particulars the superior of the majority of newspapers of the largest cities of the country. Colonel Nelson (every one called him Colonel, but we believe he never had any military experience) in his own way was a teacher of journalism also; he gathered about him and trained young men, exacting from them efficiency, good writing, high standards of journalistic honor,

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and sane idealism. To the last he kept up that interest in his work which was to him life itself; until full consciousness left him he held editorial conferences at his bedside, and the very last of these dealt with his purpose to keep up the fight for honest elections. "That is fundamental for democratic government," he said that day. "I may not be here to see the fight won, but the 'Star' will fight on with all its resources until the present rotten system is broken down."

Personally, Colonel Nelson was rugged, simple, and vigorous. His energy in action, fearlessness in meeting opposition, and imperturbability in temporary defeat were not incompatible with his quiet manner, twinkling eye, quick sense of humor, and warm friendliness. He had strong admirers among National leaders, including at least three Presidents (Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Taft); and that he supported in turn Democratic, Republican, and Progressive for the Presidency illustrates just what he meant by independence in politics. Public office he never sought or desired.

In Missouri and Kansas City affairs Nelson fought ring abuses fiercely, and on one occasion he was sentenced to imprisonment for contempt of court in maintaining what he held to be the freedom of the press. In constructive measures for the improvement of his city his papers spared neither space, effort, nor money. Both the "Star," an evening paper, and the "Times," a morning paper also controlled by Colonel Nelson, were pioneers among Western papers in establishing low prices. The closeness of touch and originality of method which Colonel Nelson put into his oversight of the "Star" may be illustrated by an extract from an offhand address made at the National Journalism Congress at Kansas City a year ago by one of his colleagues, Mr. H. J. Haskell: "It was Mr. Nelson's idea that perhaps Plato and Victor Hugo and various other eminent gentlemen of the past had written things that people would still be interested in; so we have taken particular pains on that, and we have perhaps ten men on the staff who are devoting themselves to getting up such articles as well as reprint from other magazines and newspapers; and we make quite a feature of it." Take this in connection with Mr. Haskell's note that in a place like Kansas City a great newspaper must address, not a special class of readers of one peculiar type, but pretty nearly everybody from washerwoman to minister, and the significance of this is evident.

In detail and in large things, in policy and in principle, William Rockhill Nelson had in mind the average citizen, his tastes, needs, and possibilities. He proved that to please and hold the man in the street and on the farm it was not necessary to be tawdry, vulgar, or untruthful. In these things, and in his unselfish and broad-minded ideal of public and political honor, he left an example to American newspaper men.

KARL BITTER

Karl Bitter, the distinguished sculptor, died on Saturday morning, April 10, in the New York Hospital, from injuries which he received the night before when he was struck down by an automobile while crossing Broadway with his wife in front of the Metropolitan Opera-House. They had just left the performance of Mascagni's "Iris," and were about to take a Broadway car for their home on the upper West Side. In his endeavor to protect his wife Mr. Bitter received the full force of the blow of the machine, which dragged him several feet before it could be stopped. This lamentable accident means an irreparable loss, not only to the victim's family and friends, but to the whole country. We hope that an official investigation will fix the blame and will result in renewed efforts to regulate and control automobile traffic on the streets of New York.

Karl Bitter was born in Austria forty-seven years ago. As a very young man he studied art, but, not being a university graduate—although he had a university preparation—he was compelled to serve three years in the Austrian army instead of the one year required of university students. This despotic service became intolerable to him, especially because of the outrageous treatment he received from one of his superior officers. With the connivance of another superior officer who sympathized with him, he left the army, his home, and his country, and came to America in 1889. He got work at first as an architectural sculptor, and, for a time at least, did the hard manual labor which some people would call that of a stone-cutter's assistant. But his genius early asserted itself, and when he was scarcely more than twenty-one years old he won an open competition for the design for the Astor Memorial bronze gates of Trinity Church. His position was at once established. He did important work

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in architectural sculpture for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893; he was Director of Sculpture in the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901, and Chief of the Department of Sculpture at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904.

Among his well-known works is the pediment in terra cotta representing Mercury and Athena advancing in the chariot of Civilization, in the Broad Street Station at Philadelphia. In contrast with this are his three colossal caryatids in stone, representing the white, the Negro, and the Malay races, on the St. Paul Building in New York City. Then there is his series of triumphs at Biltmore, the residence of the late George W. Vanderbilt, in North Carolina—two very long carved friezes, a remarkable pair of andirons, a fountain group, and a statue of Joan of Arc in heroic size. Mr. Bitter's work in perpetuating the names and personalities of certain great men in America is evident in his statues of Hamilton, Jefferson, Schurz, and Sigel; it was indeed fitting that one who had come to America seeking liberty should be the sculptor of the last two. His statue of Thomas Jefferson was unveiled at the University of Virginia last week. He was to have been the guest of honor at the ceremonies. His genius was employed to celebrate great events as well as great personalities in the history of his adopted country; as, for instance, in his superb groups of the Signing of the Louisiana Purchase Treaty and of the Winning of the West at St. Louis; in celebration of a much later event—Admiral Dewey's triumph at Manila—Bitter was selected to have charge of the sculpture decorating the arch erected in Madison Square, New York City. The last great work which he had in hand was the Hendrik Hudson statue which is to crown a column on Spuyten Duyvil Hill, where, in 1609, Hudson had his first encounter with the Indians.

He was a man of striking physique and fine presence. That he had distinct social qualities as well as great professional gifts is indicated by the fact that he was an influential member and officer of the leading societies of art in America.

But his loss to this country is something more than that of an artist. At this time, when there are so many animosities engendered in America by the European war, it is pleasant and inspiring to think that this man of Germanic origin had a profound faith in the character and future of this country. He believed in democracy and that a democratic people is capable of appreciating and producing great art. He was deeply interested in the municipal progress of the United States, especially in the Middle West and the Mississippi Valley. Only a few days before his death, in talking with an acquaintance, he gave expression to his belief that the smaller Western municipalities were rapidly coming to understand that skill in city planning and beauty of city arrangement are legitimate objects of municipal government and administration. He was generous in his appreciation and eulogy of the work of fellow-artists, and when there was occasion for criticism there was nothing that was petty or malicious in what he said. He devoted himself to his art, not merely because he loved beauty, but because he believed that the artist, especially in the field of monumental and architectural sculpture, can truly serve his country. He was an Austrian by birth; we do not know even whether he was a naturalized citizen; but he was in the very best sense of the word a great American.

A CONCERT BY COLORED PEOPLE

No more significant concert was given last year in New York City than that for the benefit of the Music School Settlement for Colored People. It was a concert of music composed by Negroes and performed by Negroes. It not only gave promise that the Negro race is to contribute materially to the art of music, but also showed that such real contributions had already been made. This year the concert in aid of this Settlement was given on April 12. Those who went expecting to hear new evidences of what the Negro could do in music must have been disappointed. It seemed like an imitation of music as the European has developed it. There was, for instance, a performance of S. Coleridge-Taylor's choral work "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." Now, though the composer of this work was of African descent, he was in fact a minor English composer. There was also performed at this concert Liszt's "Eighth Hungarian Rhapsody." There was some music of Negro origin, but it seemed rather sophisticated, and, so to speak, denatured. Viewed in this way, the concert was a distinct departure downward from the standard set a year ago. But to view it in this way is not to be wholly fair.

Last year the concert was given by some

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of the best Negro performers in the country, some of them very distinctly gifted as composers of originality. This year the concert was given, not only for the benefit of the Settlement, but practically by pupils of the Settlement School. It was distinctly an affair of amateurs. As such it had great significance.

The object of the Settlement is not to produce professional musicians, but to enable colored people in New York to have access in their ordinary lives to the riches of music. It is an organization for the distribution of musical wealth. The best number on the programme was not a musical number, but a speech. It was delivered by one of the most prominent colored men in the city, the Hon. Charles W. Anderson, until very recently Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of New York. He explained the object of the Settlement, and he did it in an address that closely approached perfection. The Music School Settlement, he said, stood for the dignity of work, and it undertook to dignify work by bringing joy into it. It is not for the purpose of taking people out of a life of toil into a life of music that the Settlement gathers its people together, but to bring music into toil. In illustration, he told of his visit to a colored widow and her children who were destitute, but who found in the midst of their privation a source of strength and solace in their music.

It is by bringing smiles on the face of such a mother and laughter into the mouths of such children that this institution, founded by David Mannes out of gratitude to his colored violin-teacher, Charles Douglas, is justified. It did not altogether matter, therefore, whether at this concert the performance of Coleridge-Taylor's choral work by the Choral Society of the Settlement was very satisfactory or not. What was significant about it was that the Society wanted to study and perform it and enjoyed their work. Similarly, the best thing about the performance of the Liszt rhapsody was the fact that when the performer's memory failed for a moment she was not dismayed by the breakdown before a vast audience, but stuck to her post, collected her thoughts, and conquered herself and her task; and the applause was for the moral as well as the musical quality of her performance.

The time will soon come, we believe, when the colored people will find keenest enjoyment in studying the characteristic music of their own race and giving it artistic value. There is music originating with the colored race that only colored people, it seems, can adequately interpret. That has been proved by the professional Negro musicians. The next stage in progress is for Negro musical amateurs to appreciate that fact.

THE EASTER RUBIDOUX PILGRIMAGE

The year 1915 marks the commemoration of the sixth annual "pilgrimage" up Mount Rubidoux, California. Inaugurated by Jacob Riis, the event has become an interesting contribution to religious institutions. The service is devout, religious, but creedless. It is not of Catholic domination, nor yet of Protestant; it is universal; and it attracts because of its simplicity. There are no forms, there is no litany; only the Lord's Prayer, Scripture recitative, old hymns that everybody can sing, and reading from Dr. Henry van Dyke's "God of the Open Air;" yet, at a conservative estimate, a California newspaper puts the attendance this year at 10,000.

Rubidoux is a little mountain that rises from the level valley just outside Riverside, California. A splendid road runs to the top, and near the summit is a broad, level place where automobiles may be parked, with a descent over another shoulder of the mountain. Standing near the summit, the voice of the leader carries easily to the throng below. At this summit (as shown in a picture on another page) stands a great cross recalling the Christianizing work of the early Spanish Mission fathers.

A correspondent of The Outlook thus describes the pilgrimage:

I ended the first half of my journey at the long, low arches of the Mission Inn in Riverside, with the evening chimes ringing from old bells in the arches, and went to rest in a room that suggested the yesterdays with its high-post bedstead, old-fashioned rafters, and candle.

I was wakened to brilliant California moonlight and star-shine by a single bird. Then came the clear notes of a cornet through the arches and corridors, "Joy to the World." I could hear the sound of throngs of passing feet in the street below. Descending, I found the lobby filled with a crowd cloaked and hooded; automobiles were continually arriving and departing. Presently I rode out under the arches, and soon we were climbing up the mountain road. Great crowds of people were on foot; they pressed along the trails, over the shoulder of the mountain, on the drive, and by little paths. Looking upward, I could see a throng

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of people already at the summit; looking down, the line of automobiles made an almost unbroken chain, an incredible number, growing ever longer as we rose.

When we dismounted, the east was glowing, and San Antonio lifted his majestic crowned head above the mists. An instant's pause, then, as if for a signal, the golden rim of the rising sun came up above the eastern slope. Color grew and flickered, streaming in long shafts zenithward, and from the very summit the cornet responded, "Jerusalem, lift up your voice and sing."

The service remains unchanged from year to year—simple, devout, fundamental; but the dominant thought on Easter last was that of permanent international peace.

WOMEN AND HOME INDUSTRY

Industry in the home was the motto of the Woman's Industrial Exposition held last week in New York City, with special emphasis laid on lightening the burdens of such industry. The efficient housewife is the woman the Exposition appealed to, though it seemed difficult for any woman to remain utterly inefficient after a few hours spent within its influence.

Labor-saving devices for the home made up the principal exhibits, with electricity harnessed as the housewife's drudge—electricity for every use from the cleaning of floors to the baby's bottle. There was even an electric ventilator designed for the nursery which is supposed to replace, automatically, poor air with fresh without the danger of drafts, and an electric heater which warms the baby's milk in less than a minute to the proper temperature.

The woman who has no electric handmaiden fared poorly among these inventions, but a vacuum cleaner operated by hand promises to relieve her of the daily task of sweeping; in fact, the enthusiastic inventors claim that this cleaner will make the homely broom as much of a curiosity in the household as the spinning-wheel.

Not that the spinning-wheel was despised at the Woman's Exposition. Instead, it was given the place of honor at the booth which Berea College of Kentucky established. Here hand-woven fabrics were displayed, all of them the work of the mountain people from whom the College draws its students. "Primitive American Industries," the College calls these products of loom and fireside. The patterns' very names ring strangely in our ears. "Pine Bloom," "Cat Track and Snail Trail," "Blooming Leaf," are some of them. They bring to mind pictures of women in their lonely mountain cabins toiling somberly through the long winters that they may tempt the full purses of their sisters in far-off towns and cities.

Near this Berea College booth was that of the American Indian League. The term "Primitive American Industries" would be more appropriate here. Baskets and blankets, pottery and beadwork, from every tribe were shown. In an exposition meant for the average woman of to-day it seems fitting that there should have been examples of those earliest industries of women in America which civilization is fast pushing into the limbo of forgotten things.

Not all of this Woman's Exposition was on so high a plane. Booth after booth was given over to cosmetics, hairdressing, and perfumes. It is as if women of to-day sought the latest labor-saving devices that they might have more leisure for personal adornment. A beauty parlor held the place of vantage; but lest the cynical observer should find too great satisfaction here, across the aisle was the home of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with its posters and placards, and around the corner the American Bible Association displayed some of its editions of Bibles in five hundred languages.

In short, the Exposition showed a broad and catholic spirit suitable to the varied life of women to-day; but in all the great hall given over to the interests of womankind there was no hint or reminder of the factory worker and the mill-girl. This first Woman's Industrial Exposition was meant only for the woman in the home; the woman in outside industry had no place there.

THE SURPRISE SIGNAL TEST

A large proportion of the accidents on our railways is chargeable to the failure of employees to obey the rules laid down by the companies for the safe operation of trains. The enforcement of these rules by the officials is made difficult by reason of the fact that their employees are distributed over a wide extent of territory. A trainmaster cannot accompany every train over the road; a chief despatcher cannot be at every station where an operator is on duty; a roadmaster cannot oversee the work of every section gang during all its working hours. The observance of the rules must therefore be left very largely to the knowledge and integrity

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of the men. The old employee has invariably a thorough working knowledge of the rules and ordinarily obeys them implicitly. However, occasions arise when a slight infraction may save a little time and annoyance, and sometimes he uses his own judgment, usually excellent, instead of following the prescribed course. It is only once in a great many times that his judgment is wrong, but the rules were formulated to avoid that one case.

On most of the large railway systems a check of the observance of the rules is made regularly by means of the "surprise signal test." This is nothing more or less than the display of a danger or cautionary signal by an official in exactly the manner that would occur if it were set automatically or displayed by another employee in case of danger. As the phrase indicates, it is given at a time and place least expected by those on whom the test is made. On some roads certain designated officials devote the greater part of their time to this work. On others the operating officials, from the general manager down, are required to make a certain number of these tests each month in order to assure themselves and their higher officials that the rules are being observed.

Various forms and conditions surround the making of surprise tests, depending on the originality of the person doing it. The alertness for, and the prompt obedience to, signals displayed are necessary adjuncts to the avoidance of accidents. Therefore the display of a red flag, meaning "stop;" a yellow one, meaning "reduce speed—and proceed—under full control;" similar indications at night made with lantern or fusees; automatic block signals purposely set; the use of torpedoes; the improper display of "tail markers," headlights, and train-order boards; and switch-lights "turned red" on a trailing switch—these are some of the devices used.

THE DUTY OF FLAGMEN

A prolific source of accidents is the failure of flagmen properly to protect their trains. When a train is stopped on the main line for any cause whatever, the first duty of the flagman is to proceed to the rear a prescribed distance, using all haste, in order to stop any train which may be following, until such time as his own train can get under way again or clear the main track. Often the flagman is a young man, and, though thoroughly conversant with the rules, prone to follow the bent of all immature minds to use their own judgment instead of the judgment of those in authority. Consequently he hesitates in starting, thinking he can get far enough back after he hears an approaching train; or, starting, lags in his gait lest he be a needlessly long distance away before the engineer whistles his return. Accordingly the officials at irregular and unexpected points put out danger signals, and, secreted near the place where the rear of the train should stop, observe the actions of the flagman. In such cases the trainmen do not know the cause for which their train has been stopped, but each man has been drilled to perform certain functions, as it were, automatically, and is judged by his promptness.

To illustrate how nearly automatic this action becomes in the thoroughly trained employee, the following is given from an actual occurrence as brought out in an investigation of an accident wherein a passenger train struck a light engine encroaching on its time within station limits, where the passenger train had a regular stop. Both were moving with reduced speed at the time of the accident, and the damage proved to be slight. However, the shock was severe when the collision occurred. The conductor of the passenger train had just stepped into the vestibule of the smoker to alight at the station when the bump came. Caught unawares, he was thrown against the glass window, badly cut about the face and stunned.

Quoting from the report of the Board, the conductor on the stand made these statements:

Q. Did you know what had happened when the train stopped so suddenly?

A. I only knew that we had "hit" something.

Q. What did you do?

A. Opened the vestibule and got down.

Q. What did you see ahead?

A. I did not look ahead. I started for the rear at once.

Q. Did you meet any one coming toward you?

A. I don't know. I was sort of dazed.

Q. What did you go to the rear for?

A. I was afraid the flagman might be disabled.

This man, so badly stunned that he did not have all his faculties, yet subconsciously realized that the danger to his passengers was from the rear, and, as naturally as one puts up his hands to protect his face from a blow, bent all his energy toward placing a protection for

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them at the most vulnerable spot. The attitude of mind displayed by this man is the aim of all railway officials for each employee. If this same spirit permeated all railway men, the "surprise test" would be unnecessary. But all men cannot be born with mature minds, and the skill and endurance necessary for the development of the efficient conductor and engineer demand that young men be trained for these positions. Such training cannot be had without the assumption by each employee of his share of responsibility. Examining boards and lecturers have their place in training young men and in keeping the older men "up on their toes," but there must be supervision of men in action to insure the highest efficiency, at least until human nature has been slightly altered.

It is not a far call to the supervision of operating methods of those roads whose records for accidents are bad by a government board regularly appointed for that special purpose. Undoubtedly such an investigation would reveal both laxity in supervision of train operation and improper training of the inexperienced employees.

WIDOWED MOTHERS' PENSIONS

Governor Whitman, we are glad to say, has signed the Widowed Mothers' Pension Bill recently passed by the New York State Legislature.

The primary object of the new law is to provide for the maintenance of children in the home instead of in institutions. As the Governor says:

> The proposal is . . . to substitute the home of the mother for that of an institution. . . . If a mother is deprived of the care and comfort of her children, her poverty is thereby penalized. Being a capable and natural mother, she desires them with her; their presence in her home operates as an incentive to good conduct and greater endeavor on her part.
>
> The pauperizing influence of aiding her to maintain them in her own home would be materially less than if they were taken from her and placed in an institution, whereby she is relieved of the burden of their support and the benefits derived from exercising maternal control of them.

Of course the crucial test of the law will arise in its application. Hence, as the State Board of Charities has general supervision in the matter, we are gratified to learn that it is shortly to send a copy of the law to the county judges, who are to appoint the boards of child welfare in each county—these boards having the duty of passing upon the applications for relief—and will urge that great discrimination be used in the appointing of those boards, so that from the outset the law may be carried out under the best possible conditions.

It may be that this new law involves some duplicate machinery, and it may be that the machinery proposed will not administer the law altogether accurately or impartially. It may be that the financial basis of the measure is too permissive and should be more mandatory. It may be that the public aid provided is inadequate.

But we do not anticipate that the law will savor overmuch of the kind of "public outdoor relief" which brought the British Poor Law into contempt, and which would only serve to delay efforts to remove the *need* for relief—such as insurance measures and health and industrial accidents legislation. Of course any form of public outdoor relief which makes application easy is potentially more or less dangerous. But the fact remains that public outdoor relief is necessary.

In this reform New York State has lagged behind twenty-odd other States. The radical step which it has now taken will, we hope, be found to be as fairly workable as it is a painfully needed measure.

NERVES AND DIPLOMACY

For the strain to which a people desperately at war are subjected we Americans, who are at peace, must make allowance. This strain shows itself in many ways. It is shown to a marked degree by the memorandum delivered to the United States Government a few days ago by the German Embassy.

In ordinary times no Ambassador would think of attempting to appeal to the public sentiment of the country to which he was accredited against that country's Administration. This, in effect, however, is what the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, has undertaken to do. It is possible that for doing this our Government may hold Count von Bernstorff personally responsible, as a former Administration once held an English Minister, for a similar indiscretion, personally responsible and asked for his recall. If, on the other hand, Count von Bernstorff simply did his best to follow the instructions he received from his home Govern-

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ment, whatever indiscretion there was in this memorandum is not the Ambassador's merely, but Germany's. If this is the case, it is but another side of the nervous exhaustion which Germany is feeling.

In dealing with this the right thing for us to do is to try to conceive how we should feel if we were in Germany's plight. This is not to exonerate the German Government or even the German people from any wrong that they may have committed. On the contrary, the more emphatically Americans reject the German doctrines of militarism, the rule of might, the supremacy of military "necessity," and the ephemeral character of international obligation, the more necessary is it for Americans to try to understand the feelings of those who to-day are bearing the consequences of acting in accordance with those doctrines, and who are finding that those doctrines, whose only justification would be success, are bringing failure.

Count von Bernstorff in this memorandum gives voice to German disappointment in the United States, if not resentment against the United States, because the American Government has not fallen in with Germany's views and Germany's plans. He says that since the United States has not succeeded in conveying foodstuffs to Germany, but has been held up by the British blockade, it is "to be assumed that the United States Government has accepted England's violation of international law." He, moreover, says that since the United States is furnishing war material to the Allies, and in doing so is building up "an enormous new industry of war materials," while it is not furnishing such materials to Germany, America is not observing true neutrality; and he adds to this the following exhortation: "If the American people desire to observe true neutrality, they will find means to stop the exclusive exportation of arms to one side, or at least to use this export trade as a means to uphold the legitimate trade with Germany, especially the trade in foodstuffs." He quotes President Wilson's words about "genuine neutrality" with reference to his embargo on the exportation of arms to the warring factions in Mexico, and then argues from this that there should be in the case of the European belligerents also an American embargo on arms. In anticipation of the obvious retort that Germany has not hesitated to supply belligerents with war material, Count von Bernstorff uses the curious argument that in these former cases "the question was not *whether* any war material was to be furnished to the belligerents, but merely *which* of the competing countries would furnish it." In this Count von Bernstorff quite ignores the fact that, if his argument were followed, the recognized right of blockade, which no one denies, and which Germany herself is attempting to adapt and apply by submarines, would be of no value, for it would stop supplies to the blockading nation as well as to the nation blockaded.

It is, however, not argument which is called for in such a case as this, but rather tolerance. The easiest thing to do is to call such a memorandum as this impertinence and to become indignant; but in this, as in other cases, the wisest and best course is not the easiest. No harm is done by this memorandum, no lives are threatened, no property injured, no rights infringed, no honor or power impaired. The only hurt done is to Germany. If we are to be indignant, let us be indignant at real wrongs—at the wrongs done to the unoffending and brave Belgian people. Neither the American people nor the American Administration is going to suffer in the least from this attempt on the part of a foreign Government to appeal to the one as against the other. Because Germany seems to have lost her head we should keep ours.

HOPKINSON SMITH

F. Hopkinson Smith was a Virginian by descent and an American by instinct, conviction, and the ardor of a chivalrous nature. He was the grandson of Francis Hopkinson, the poet of the Revolution whose spirited and sometimes stinging verses supplemented the vigorous orations in which the colonists in arms ably defined their cause.

Hopkinson Smith was also a man of the seventeenth century; inspired by the spirit of adventure which set no bounds to human endeavor, but poured itself out with passionate ardor. In his seventy-seventh year he was in the high tide of work, unwearied by years of ardent activity in four different fields, looking forward with unabated interest to the tasks of the future. His death in New York City last week ended work which four men might have rejoiced to accomplish. A builder of lighthouses, a charming painter, a novelist of delightful quality, a born story-teller with pen and voice, he

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ended life as he began, with an unexpended capital of high spirits, generous affections, chivalrous impulses, and that freshness and freedom which are the prime characteristics of genius and turn work into play.

His versatility misled even his friends; he worked steadily and he worked with resolute intensity. The ease which banished all sense of drudgery from his work was the result of forgotten toil, to recall George Macdonald. He wrote and rewrote his stories with infinite patience. Some of the chapters in that charmingly atmospheric story "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" he rewrote fourteen times, and in all fields his energy was not only swift but painstaking. It is one of the consolations of those who loved him that he passed out of life with the unspent ardor of youth, and that at the end he met not age but death, the liberator.

To Hopkinson Smith life was not a task but an adventure, and he went forth to meet it with a gallantry that welcomed toil and danger because they were the price of achievement. The traditions of ease and dignity of life which he inherited had no power to bind him when he had to face life on the most practical plane. In the prosperity of the later years it was his delight to remember that he had worked with his hands and carried a dinner-pail; it counted much with him that he had been the comrade of the men who work with their hands. He was an old-fashioned gentleman who had escaped the limitations of his class by companionship with his fellows, but kept intact its sensitive instinct for honor, its chivalrous desire to shield, protect, and help those on whom heavy burdens rested.

Those strong, sinewy hands of his were kind hands, but the right hand did not take the left into its confidence. He did not rest in mere generosity of giving; he gave himself. If his story could be written without reserve, it would be a lifelong record of shoulder-to-shoulder and heart-to-heart helpfulness. In one of his Western lecture trips he came upon a man of fine nature and mind whom great sorrows had blighted in middle life, and who was faithfully working after hope and joy had vanished. This man the lecturer invited to supper, beguiled him into talk about himself, gained his confidence, discovered that he had once had literary ambitions, and that, as a boy, he had had first-hand knowledge of a striking episode in American history. In the end he was so heartened that he was persuaded to make the incident the motive of a novel, in the writing of which his lost interest in living and his faith in himself returned. The untrained novelist almost buried his story in a mass of details. Hopkinson Smith took on himself the arduous and wearisome task of remaking the novel. He compressed, condensed, rearranged the material and made a readable novel of it. He persuaded a leading publishing house to bring out the book, he interested the critics in it, he brought its author to New York as his guest, gathered writers and artists about him, gave him the joy of recognition, and made the remaining years of his life happy. It was the deed of a man of great heart and of generous soul.

The seventeenth-century man must win his way in this age of specialization. When Hopkinson Smith began to write, the writers smiled, not unpleasantly, but they smiled. When he began to paint, the painters smiled. They all liked him, but they did not take him seriously. He was a better painter every year of his life, and made his way to a place of his own by the picturesque charm of his transcriptions of the Thames, the Seine, of Holland, Spain, Venice, Constantinople; and then, two years ago, when his friends thought he had reached the end with his brush, he surprised London and captured her elusive appeal to the imagination in a series of vigorous sketches in charcoal.

When Hopkinson Smith began to write books, it was in the shade of the white umbrella, and his writing was incidental to his painting. "I have preferred," he said in the Introduction to the delightful book of Mexican sketches, "rather to present what would appeal to the painter and the idler—a land of white sunshine, redolent with flowers; a land of gay costumes, crumbling churches, and old convents; a land of kindly greetings, of extreme courtesy, of open, broad hospitality." The picturesque aspects of things seen in high light by a man alive to his finger-tips lost none of their charm when they were transferred to the pages which gave the early impressions of a painter whose vitality needed another medium of expression. But those impressions were not mere transcriptions, and their writer was not a passive impressionist. The human element always made an intimate appeal to his heart, and the atmosphere which gave his studies their charm was charged with personality. It was Madame

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Laguerre who made a bit of France on the prosaic Bronx. Even in Venice the human story is never interrupted, and palaces "clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and of circling sea," or dreaming in the divine moonlight of the city of dreams, were still the homes of men and women.

The short stories and novels which followed in swift succession did not depend for their interest on their very effective stage setting; they were warm-hearted, human dramas; old-fashioned romance told by a man who held to the ancient traditions of honor, of courtesy, of hospitality, in a country in great danger of sacrificing these fine qualities to haste, practical activity, and success. In Colonel Carter, Hopkinson Smith added a new figure to the little company of men and women who still live in the imagination of the country. In "Tom Grogan" and "Caleb West" the deep, sincere democracy of this gentleman of the old school found a dramatic rendering which was not only heartfelt but rested on a kinship of experience as well as of standards of integrity. In "Peter" there is a portrait of a gentleman drawn with skill of heart as well as of hand by one who held his own place in that ancient and honorable guild of those to whom honor is precious and inviolable. In "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" the romance of the painter is enriched with memories of a little group of men who were young and happy in New York years ago on their way to a distinction which, almost without exception, they shared in common.

But this is not the time to estimate the value of the work of this ardent, tireless, generous human spirit who loved courage, integrity, and the simple human virtues wherever he found them, and who found them in all classes and countries. To his friends to-day the sorrow that is keenest is not that his work is finished but that he is gone.

HERE AND NOW

In this busy age, with its marvelous facilities for work and with the tools and instruments of magical quality which are in the eager hands of a generation as full of daring energy as the men and women of the sixteenth century, the mystics are almost forgotten and mysticism has become for most men a mirage which once deceived the imaginative and devout with visions of phantom palaces and gardens on the dim horizon.

But the mystics are always going their quiet way through the noisiest age; and mysticism is as indestructible as religion, of which it is a vital element. The mystic not only has the fear of the Lord in his heart, but he has a deep and vivid consciousness of the presence of God as the one abiding reality in a changing and vanishing world. This has been the characteristic of seekers after God among the races of the Far East, and explains the fact which the West, in its arrogance of power and material achievement, so often forgets, that all the great religions have come from Asia. It is significant, also, that such faiths as Mormonism and the partial and local faiths that have appeared from time to time in the West have been, for the most part, born of a hard literalism unredeemed by mysticism.

The East needs a clearer definition of personality, both human and divine, and its thought and practice are being modified by the teaching of the West. The West needs deliverance from its slavery to definition of truths which can be spiritually perceived and made real only by experience. It needs a vivid consciousness of the presence of God in every soul and in and behind the whole movement of life; and the East promises again to make a great and vital contribution to civilization and check the otherwise irresistible tendency to materialism by freshening and vivifying the sense of the nearness of God in all the ways and works of men. This God-consciousness in the soul is the central conception of the thinking of all the great thinkers of the East; a conception that has often absorbed and obliterated personality, but, interpreted by the facts of experience, is the soul of religion.

The Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore, whose deep spirituality and beauty of phrase have taken many Western readers into a new world of poetic ideas and a fresh atmosphere of feeling, has translated the poems of a fifteenth-century mystic in the "Songs of Kobir" (Macmillan), which express in Oriental imagery this central idea of the presence of God in his world and of the unity of life here and hereafter. We are here and now in the constant presence of God and in the possession of immortality; the divinest possibilities of growth and vision, of spiritual powers and vision, are in us now and here; awaiting, not

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another life, but a freer unfolding of the life that now is :

"O Friend! Hope for Him whilst you live, know whilst you live, understand whilst you live; for in life deliverance abides.
If your bonds be not broken whilst living, what of deliverance in death?
It is but an empty dream, that the soul shall have union with Him because it has passed from the body:
If He is found now, He is found then.
If not, we do but go to dwell in the City of Death.
If you have union now, you shall have it hereafter."

THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY GREGORY MASON

RAPIDLY swelling casualty lists are grim evidence that spring has come in France, and events are proving correct my surmise that the capture of Neuve Chapelle and Hartmanns-Weilerkopf by the Allies two weeks ago constituted the first move in the spring campaign planned by Joffre and Kitchener. The second move is now being made against the German triangular wedge that rests on a base line from Etain to Pont-à-Mousson and comes to a point at St. Mihiel on the Meuse, the little town that was a center of hostilities during the seventeenth-century quarrels between Louis XIII and Charles IV, Duke of Lorraine.

This wedge, which has withstood all frontal attacks since it was driven into the side of France by the Crown Prince in October, was considerably whittled down during the week April 7 to April 14 by side slashes of the French about Fresnes and Flirey on the western and eastern sides of the salient. By such flank attacks the French hope so to endanger the German communications between St. Mihiel and Metz that the Kaiser's forces will evacuate this strip of territory, which has already been pared down until near its extremity it is being harrowed by hostile shrapnel from opposite directions. Such an evacuation would mean the complete flattening of the most considerable protuberance to be found on the German front from the Vosges Mountains to salt water.

Military critics are at a loss how to describe this movement of the French. Most of them call it an offensive, but a few as stoutly maintain that it is a defensive operation pure and simple. In truth it is both. At St. Mihiel Germany has thrust a dagger between the barrier forts that are the ribs protecting the heart of France. Until France plucks this dagger out, or at least breaks it off at the haft, thus averting the menace of a further thrust, any large-scale attack elsewhere is unsafe for her.

It is only on such small salients as that at St. Mihiel that flank attacks are possible anywhere on the battle front in western Europe, which in this respect is a battle front unprecedented in history. From Switzerland to the Channel the hostile nations eye each other, matching trench with trench and fort with fort. Only by the invasion of Holland or Switzerland can an effective turning movement even be attempted. Straight ahead lunging, in the hope of breaking through the enemy's guard, is the order of the day. Napoleon, who loved and perfected the attack on flank and rear, in France to-day would be confined to the simple tactics of Venustiano Carranza.

"BUCKING THE LINE"

If I may be permitted an analogy from the American game of football, the Germans made their gains by a trick play, an end run through Belgium that found the Allies off their guard. Now, with both rush lines stretching across the field of play, end runs are impossible and ground can be gained only by "bucking the line." Such "bucking" is always dangerous and expensive, as a thousand battles, including the assaults at Crécy, Bunker Hill, Waterloo, and Gettysburg, have proved; but apparently for the Allies in France and Belgium the only alternative to steam-roller fighting of this sort is to sit quiet and pray for Russian success in the east.

WINTER IS LONG IN THE CARPATHIANS

Unfortunately for the Allies, spring is nearly a month later in the Carpathians than

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in western France. And between spring and winter in these mountains there is always a period of slush and mud, when transportation over the wagon roads is a matter of painful and profane progress by inches. Very likely it is the arrival of this lugubrious season as much as the desperate efforts of German-reinforced Austrian armies that has impeded the Russians recently. Nevertheless, the Vienna War Office claims that the Russians have been brought to a standstill and that "along the whole Carpathian front there is marked calmness."

Russia has not yet taken the coveted Uszok Pass. Even if she wins it, however, her task is not easy. For the Carpathians do not drop abruptly down to the Hungarian Plain, but melt gradually into it through many foothills, and these would make capital defenses for the retreating Austro-Hungarians, who know every knoll and pocket among them. Furthermore, while the Germans have a foothold in Russian Poland, there is always the danger of a sudden concentration of Teutons about Cracow, threatening the communications of the Russian armies in the Carpathians.

BY SEA AND BY LAND

Because the Dardanelles have retreated from the front pages of newspapers it must not be supposed that the Allies have given up hope of forcing the gate to the Sultan's city. From Paris comes official word of the organization of French and English expeditionary forces to co-operate with the ships in the Dardanelles. In the French expedition, by the way, is Pierre Loti, who, at his own request, was attached to the force that marches on his beloved Constantinople. It is natural to expect that the Gallipoli Peninsula is the goal of these twentieth-century crusaders, for if they could carry the Bulair lines the forts on the Peninsula, which are the strongest of those defending the straits, would be cut off from their European base. Mr. H. Charles Woods, an English writer on military matters, says in the current "Fortnightly Review" that "an army once gaining possession of the hills which lie in rear of Maidos and of Kilid Bahr would be able to cut off the water supply of many of the European forts—a supply obtained through pipes from hills in the rear. Moreover, as most of the forts are open at the back, and as few, if any, of their guns can be fired otherwise than towards the Straits, such a force would, too, be able greatly to affect the accuracy of the aim, if not actually to silence the fire, of the great Dardanelles guns which defend the all-important area of the channel which has now grown to be known as the Narrows."

Whenever the prospect of capturing Constantinople seems particularly indigo, the Allies may cheer themselves by recalling the old tradition to which an Outlook reader has called our attention, which is to the effect that "when a Constantine and a Sophia shall reign in Greece, then the Turk shall be expelled from the Imperial city of the Greeks and the cross shall replace the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia, the patriarchal church of the Greeks."

THE TEMPERATE JAPANESE

A tribute to the Japanese comes from the Rev. Carl Heine, an American missionary in the Marshall Islands, in the Pacific. Within a few months these islands have been held successively by the English, Germans, and Japanese. Concerning the men who now hold the islands, Mr. Heine writes to the American Board of Foreign Missions:

"The Japanese are behaving admirably; they have guaranteed the life and property of all, and will no doubt fulfill their pledge.

"Last month eight hundred men from the fleet had leave on shore for a day, and another lot the following day; but there were no cases whatever of drunkenness, disorder, or immorality. The men, instead of drinking freely of beer and other intoxicants, which they could have obtained at the saloon that was open to all, preferred to spend their leave money on sugar, and appeared to enjoy themselves immensely. From the time of the first landing until the present the conduct of the men has been exemplary, and I do not think could be surpassed by the troops of any other civilized nation."

Probably not. Certainly it is doubtful if the troops of any other civilized nation would prefer sugar to "beer and other intoxicants."

GORGAS AND SERVIA

Major-General William C. Gorgas, Surgeon-General of the United States Army, the man who drove yellow fever out of Havana and Panama, and made possible the work of Colonel Goethals, has been offered the opportunity to direct the campaign against the epidemic of typhus fever that is devastating Servia and threatening to sweep over

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Europe like the Black Death of the fourteenth century.

The Rockefeller Foundation and the American Red Cross—which have together sent the nucleus of an army of sanitation to the disease-ravaged Balkan nation—have asked General Gorgas to be the commander-in-chief of this army.

To-day Servia is in a worse way than Belgium, and, like Belgium, Peter's Kingdom can be saved from obliteration only by quick action on the part of her powerful allies and neutral nations. Such action would not be altogether unselfish either, for the danger that Pestilence will stalk out of this war, mowing down humanity as he mowed it in the mysterious epidemics of the Middle Ages, is not a danger to be laughed at. The following bit of description by D. Thomas Curtin, a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," while as horribly graphic as the writings of "Monk" Lewis, lover of the loathsome in literature, is a trustworthy picture of Servia to-day:

"To-day Servia is a pest-house, changing slowly to a morgue. The streets are avenues of death. No triumphant banners flutter in the breeze as symbols of glorious victory; but at every turn one sees the black flag, the emblem of death, hanging grim in the putrid air. The death-carts rumble over the river through lanes of suffering to the hillsides, where once the shepherd watched his flock, but up whose gentle slopes the graveyards are climbing, ever climbing."

However, the Servians not only need help, they deserve it. Mr. Curtin goes on to say of them that "their fortitude in misery is one of the noblest things I have seen during the war. . . .

"'I never thought the Servians other than vicious animals,' a Viennese remarked to me as we walked through pest-ridden Ghevgheli. 'We were six days with practically nothing to eat when we surrendered to a mountain patrol. They did not have much, but they shared at once with us.'"

HIDE-AND-SEEK AT SEA

The British have made good their boasted control of the sea in this war, but to the Germans have fallen most of the dramatic and colorful exploits that make naval tradition and good reading. The story of the Emden, harrying the enemy's commerce, laughing at pursuit over the wireless, and finally meeting a brave death thousands of miles from home in a tropical sea, is the sort of tale that any nation might envy for a page in its marine history. The Prinz Eitel Friedrich let slip an opportunity to add one more *coup* to the long list scored already by German sailors in this war when she accepted internment at Newport News instead of slipping to sea on the chance of losing the watchful cruisers of Britain in the blizzard that ushered in Easter on the Atlantic coast. But the Kronprinz Wilhelm, true to form, gave the public the thrill it loves when she sneaked past these same British sea watchdogs over the very path taken by the Eitel Friedrich. As a piece of consummate "nerve" this stands supreme.

GERMANY'S SEA WOLVES

Since she slipped out of New York on August 3, 1914, the Kronprinz Wilhelm roamed the South Atlantic without touching land, and destroyed thirteen ships of the Allies and a Norwegian bark. It is alleged that the Norwegian "windjammer" was carrying contraband of war—wheat for the British army. If so, the question raised is similar to that involved in the sinking of the American sailing vessel William P. Frye by the Eitel Friedrich. As the Germans will pay us for the Frye, it is not likely that they will fight Norway over its sunken bark, the Samantha.

The Karlsruhe has not been heard from for months, and, if she has been sunk, the Kronprinz Wilhelm is the last of Germany's sea raiders. All in all, Germany's ocean wolves have done less damage than the Alabama alone did in our Civil War, but they have supplied a welcome note of the picturesque. Vivid naval war correspondence has been conspicuous by its absence in this conflict. What a pity that a Kipling, a Stephen Crane, or a Joseph Conrad was not aboard the Emden, the Eitel Friedrich, the Kronprinz Wilhelm, or that ubiquitous sea-prowler, the U-28. After all, when man wants romance, he still turns to the sea, and finds the old lure not deadened, but quickened, by hoarse, lubberly steam and sputtering, lurking wireless.

New York City, April 14, 1915.

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AMBASSADOR BERNSTORFF'S MEMORANDUM

A POLL OF THE PRESS

COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, German Ambassador at Washington, has given out for publication a copy of a memorandum or note sent by the German Embassy to our Department of State, protesting against the unsatisfactory commercial relations between this country and Germany. He has now said, according to the New York "Times:"

The communication was, of course, delivered by order of my Government, and it simply expressed the opinion of the German Government and the opinion prevalent in the German nation. I was no more responsible for this communication than to act as the messenger who delivered it. The status of the communication is in no way changed by the fact of its having been delivered as a memorandum of the Embassy.

This extraordinary proceeding has received well-nigh universal condemnation from the newspapers, the only exceptions being such thick-and-thin German apologists as the New York "Herold," for instance. It asserts that this is "a frank word—a word at the right time and in the right place, . . . without evil intention."

On the other hand, most newspapers agree with the Boston "Transcript" that the only excuse for the publication of the note which can be pleaded by the German Ambassador is that he committed a solecism under direct orders from Berlin. "Otherwise he lays himself fairly open to the charge of appealing from the Government of the United States to the people of the United States." The Boston paper continues:

It is a military maxim that the bearer of a flag of truce forfeits his safe-conduct if he presumes to treat with an army save through its commander. By parity it may be held that an ambassador who presumes to treat with a nation otherwise than through its Government forfeits his acceptability. President Wilson would be within his rights if he informed Germany that Ambassador Bernstorff had ceased to be *persona grata* to him. If Bernstorff has been riding for a fall, if he is simply trying to stir up trouble, President Wilson may prefer to administer a rebuke which, addressed to the German Government, shall apply to its representative in Washington.

"There has not recently proceeded from any embassy or legation at Washington any written document or oral statement more offensive in substance, more arrogant in tone, or better calculated to alienate American friendship than the memorandum in criticism of American policy delivered to our State Department and to the newspapers by the German Ambassador," declares the New York "Sun." "It constitutes, in effect, a lecture to the American Government on the American Government's duty, pronounced in a voice of well-nigh intolerable stridency, and this by a person without license to chide or dictate."

Students of history may find an analogy to the actions of Citizen Genet, the Minister of the first French Republic to this country, which resulted in his recall upon the demand of President Washington. Referring to this, the Brooklyn "Citizen" remarks:

The great war in Europe between the French Republic and England, Prussia, and Austria, like the present war, occasioned much feeling in the United States. The Democratic party to a man, under the leadership of Jefferson, sympathized with the French Republicans, while the Federalists, with Hamilton at their head, were strongly pro-British. Washington, like President Wilson, issued a proclamation of neutrality. Genet, like Count von Bernstorff, sought by every means in his power to stir up the "Jacobin" sentiment in this country against the President, by accusing Washington of secretly favoring the monarchical coalition against the French Republic. He made tours through the country and addressed mass-meetings until finally Washington's patience was exhausted and he asked for his recall.

Jefferson, whose sympathies were notoriously with the French Republicans, much to Genet's surprise, approved the course taken by Washington, agreeing with him that Genet had gone beyond the bounds of his mission in stirring up sedition among the American people. It will strike a great many Americans that Count von Bernstorff, in making public his memorandum addressed to the United States Government, severely criticising the President's answer to the British Order in Council, and practically accusing him of favoring the Allies at the expense of Germany, is a counterpart of Citizen Genet.

On the same subject the New York "Tribune" notes that the country has always stood behind the Government in demanding a strict observance by foreign diplomats of the prin-

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ciple of non-interference in domestic affairs. "From Genet, the most flagrant of all offenders, down to Cataçazy and Sackville-West, we have never brooked attempts to go behind the President and the State Department and work on the susceptibilities of the public." Even when the Administration was most out of touch with the Nation the principle remained unquestioned, says the "Tribune," and cites as an instance:

President Cleveland did his best—or worst—in 1893–5 to upset the provisional republican government of Hawaii and to restore ex-Queen Liliuokalani to the throne. Probably ninety per cent of the American people were against restoration. But when the Hawaiian Minister here, Mr. Thurston, attempted to stimulate opposition to the President's course his recall was demanded, and the country conceded that that punishment was fully justified.

Count von Bernstorff has had many temptations to engage in a similar agitation. He may also think it worth while to foment opposition to an Administration which on general grounds has lost popularity. But, whether it is popular or not, the people are behind the present Administration in insisting that foreign agents and foreign interests keep out of the arena of domestic politics. Count von Bernstorff should read up on the Sackville-West and Thurston cases, and also ponder the result in the recent municipal election in Chicago. The further he goes on the path which he seems inclined to follow, the worse it will be for him personally and for Germany's case in this country.

So much for the manner of presentation. Now for the matter of the memorandum. The Washington "Herald" represents a decided minority of critics in declaring, as it does, that "there is nothing to find fault with in the tone of the German Ambassador's note. . . . It is calmly conservative and presents the case from the German standpoint clearly and concisely, if not convincingly."

Concerning Mexico, however, the "Herald" says:

It was perhaps neither tactful nor helpful to the German argument for Count von Bernstorff to cite our course in Mexico as a reason why we should now refuse to permit the shipment of war munitions to the Allies.

The situation in Mexico has never been one to be dealt with by methods having a nice regard for the requirements of neutrality, and President Wilson would probably not hesitate to admit that he has looked rather to expedients in seeking to put a stop to murder, battle, and brigandage in Mexico.

"Reference by the German Ambassador to the American embargo on the export of arms to Mexico 'is rather of a desperate argumentative shift,' thinks the Springfield "Republican," and comments:

When President Taft was still in the White House and Mexico was in comparative peace, Congress passed an Act authorizing the Executive to prohibit the export of arms to any country in this hemisphere which was threatened with domestic disorders and revolution, and Mr. Taft established an embargo on the export of arms into Mexico in order to increase the stability of the Madero Government. The embargo remained in effect for many months after the Huerta dictatorship began, and finally it was removed by President Wilson when it was evident that the Constitutionalists and the Huerta Government must be left to fight for the supremacy.

During the recent civil war in Mexico, when this country was engaged in a conflict with Huerta, German merchants sold munitions of war to Huerta for use against our soldiers, reports the New York "Globe." "Although we did not question the legality of the trade, the German Marine Office sent a considerable fleet to Mexican waters, and thus emphatically served notice that no interference with German trade would be tolerated."

As to selling arms, two well-known papers are not altogether in agreement with the prevailing opinion. The Milwaukee "Sentinel" comments:

The legal right to sell arms is unquestioned. But in the forum of morality two wrongs do not make a right; and, while "business is business" and stockholders are stubborn facts for business managements to reckon with, one is afraid that the international tools of slaughter business will have a difficult case to present at the Day of Judgment.

The Detroit "Journal" adds:

If the Allies can with impunity establish fresh precedents during the course of the war and inflict unprecedented damages, not upon a belligerent but upon a neutral nation, why, then, must this nation alone observe international law and alone be prevented from altering its policy during the course of the war?

The right of any nation to sell arms and munitions to belligerents during war has been admitted by the German Government even in the present war, declares the New York "Mail." "It is not only asserted in all the conventions, declarations, and accepted usages which are now or have been lately in force between the nations, but in the old treaty with Prussia, upon which the German Gov-

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ernment based its action in the William P. Frye case, the right is asserted even more fully than the United States now claims." The "Mail" continues:

Count von Bernstorff, indeed, in this memorandum, admits our technical right to supply arms to the Allies, but he asserts that, inasmuch as we are the only country which can now export war material, and inasmuch as Germany, because of her isolation, cannot secure them, we are in fact helping the Allies.

He would have us, therefore, give up a right which all nations have expressly sanctioned, in order that one nation might escape the consequences of a war which it had precipitated. That would certainly be an unneutral act toward the other belligerents.

Futhermore, it would not only be an unneutral act for America to refuse to sell war material to all who come (which, of course, means all who can come), but it would be an act squarely against the safety of the American Nation. We are one of the democratic and unmilitary nations which are chronically in a state of unpreparedness for war. If we were ever attacked, we should have to buy ships, guns, powder, aeroplanes. We should have to buy them wherever we could. That being the case, we should certainly commit a very stupid and self-destructive blunder if we now put ourselves on record against the principle of free traffic in this defensive material.

The American people did not begin the conflict, concludes the Winston-Salem (North Carolina) "Journal," "yet they are asked to violate one of the oldest principles of neutrality in order to help end it, and at the same time to establish a precedent which might at some time in the future leave the United States without adequate means of defense against its enemies."

The Hartford "Courant" has this to say concerning the inconsistency of German theory and action:

Here is Germany diplomatically representing to the United States in undiplomatic and rather insolent terms that it is our business to see that whatever we may sell to a belligerent nation we must safely deliver. If we sell arms and ammunition to the Allies, we must not only sell foodstuffs to Germany but must make it our business to see that the foodstuffs are delivered at Germany's door, in spite of efforts of the Allies to the contrary.

Even while insisting that we must prevent, by force, it seems, if necessary, any interference with our merchandise in transit on the seas, Germany, with almost amusing inconsistency, sends to the bottom of the sea the French vessel Robert, carrying a cargo of textile goods from America to England, and even treats in a similar manner the English vessel Harpalyce, chartered by the Belgian Relief Commission.

Referring to the case of the Wilhelmina, the German memorandum says:

The United States Government has not yet obtained the release of the ship, nor has it . . . succeeded in safeguarding the legitimate American trade with Germany. Such a delay, especially when the supply of foodstuffs is concerned, seems equivalent to a complete failure. It is therefore to be assumed that the United States Government has accepted England's violations of international law.

"That is not merely an assumption," declares the New York "Times," "it is a reflection upon motive and conduct such as governments are not accustomed to pass upon each other in this manner."

The Philadelphia "Telegraph" says:

Germany now adds that the American Government has acquiesced in the recent English Order in Council. In this it is clearly wrong, for this Government has not only protested against that Order, but in doing so has pointed out and claims, with such vigor as diplomatic language permits, its rights as a neutral in commerce with belligerents.

It is the misfortune of Germany that her ports are not open as the ports of England and France are, and it can hardly be expected that we shall supply the sea power which she lacks in order to enjoy free commerce.

"It is difficult to be patient with his [Count von Bernstorff's] assertion that the United States Government has acquiesced supinely in the British Orders in Council, and other steps taken by the English Government," avers the New York "Evening Post," and adds:

The protesting notes sent from Washington are public property; why did Count Bernstorff ignore or belittle them? As a matter of fact, until the British Government, partly in consequence of American objections, decided upon a formal and effective blockade, our Government was as resolute in protesting against a process "unknown to international law" as it was in the case of the German threat to sink neutral ships and take American lives by submarine attack.

As a conclusion to the whole matter of the memorandum, it looks to the Rochester "Post-Express" as though the note "was intended less as a reasonable and convincing presentation of the imperial side of the question than as a document for home [German] consumption designed to inflame feeling against America and to fan sympathetic sentiment in the United States into antagonism to the Administration."

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CANADA AND THE WAR

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

WAR, like death, brings us all to face with grim reality. And to the people of Canada—three thousand miles from the scene of conflict and leagues farther away from the political intrigues, commercial conspiracies, and racial rivalries that have made conflict inevitable—this war is the birth-travail of its own identity. Slowly, but very surely, they are coming to know that their traditions, which they have so lovingly transplanted from abroad, and their pioneering spirit, which has won for them a half continent, are to have a child—and that child will be a new Canada.

Parliament itself reflects this inner spiritual transformation, though as yet unaware of its significance. At the door of the long hall where you send in your card stands a grave but splendid policeman, perfectly belted and helmeted—not at all the "cop" of the United States, but quite the "Bobby" of England. The clerks and the page-boys are all dressed in full regalia—Eton jackets and knee-breeches. And when, finally, you gain the coveted card of admission to the visitors' gallery, you find tradition seemingly holding full sway. For below you sweeps the whole panoply of the British House of Commons. Here on a raised dais sits the Speaker in a silken gown, before whom each member gravely bows before taking or leaving his seat. Here sit many men whom other men must call Sir. And here, most peculiarly of all, the members loll back in their chairs with their hats on.

At court one stands bareheaded in the presence of royalty. And so, when the commoners of England first organized to conduct their own affairs, they proved to all the world, by wearing their hats, that no King could interfere with their freedom. This has become one of the cherished privileges of the English M.P., and tradition has made it so for the Canadian as well.

It is war time, and to the field of battle Canada has sent many of her sons. Yet the discussion of the issues of vital importance to the welfare of those sons, and perhaps to the success of those battles, is here being carried on in a spirit of bitterness that is strangely more reminiscent of the legislatures of America than of the solemn assemblages of the European nations at war. There seems an astounding lack of common purpose—politics in all its worst brawling American fashion is the dominating game. The Whigs and the Tories of old, the Protectionists and the Free-traders, the Conservatives and the Liberals as they prefer to be called, have preferred to indulge in partisan warfare rather than to unite in a common stand for the protection of the country and for the successful furtherance of that grimmer warfare into which they so enthusiastically plunged. Post-office and army scandals, financial instability, subservience to the "interests," corruption, are all being aired with a political venom that we are unfortunately accustomed to associate with Washington and Albany. Libelous accusations are hurled back and forth; graft, even treason, is openly charged. Criticism is piling high on both sides of the house until both parties realize the necessity for calling a halt, and are predicting a national election in the near future.

Even the threat of "going to the country" has a sobering effect, because every member realizes that the people will rebuke him for his political intriguing and demand that the serious issues that confront the nation be at least faced by the nation's lawmakers. These issues are many and critical. Hard times, the high cost of living, congestion, unemployment, the increase of the dependent classes, the growing restlessness of labor, are becoming as pressing problems here as anywhere in the world. And the people are growing restless, too, under the partially meant and partially kept promises of the political parties. At the outbreak of the war, there was a natural tendency to blame war conditions for all this winter's hardships. But now it is recognized that this, too, has been used as an excuse to cover up defects of statesmanship and mistakes of finance. As a matter of fact, it is now clear that the war has helped rather than hurt the industrial situation this year, and that the social conditions are the result of fundamental social neglect rather than of any immediate social crisis. The present unemployment is now being recognized as the result of the land boom, the railway boom, the immigration policy, and the inadequacy of social legislation. The deeper meaning of the war and of the sacrifice which Canada is offering is making her citizens the more determined to face these problems now, and thus pave the way for a

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civilization that will in the future make the continuance of such conditions impossible.

Thirty thousand Canadians are already in the trenches of bloody Belgium, another thirty thousand are about to sail, and a third contingent is making ready. There has been no difficulty in finding recruits; indeed, it has been so easy that the authorities have rejected the many Americans who were originally accepted as volunteers. The companies are largely made up of young men—"out-of-works" and college students. This has lent an enthusiasm to the whole affair that may well account for the gallantry on the battle-field which has already called forth high praise from Sir John French. For to both classes the war is an adventure; risky, to be sure, but glorious withal. The Government is paying its recruits $1.10 per day—said to be the highest pay given by any of the warring Governments—and is taking care to provide their families for relief during their absence and for generous pensions in case of their death: a far better prospect for the average unemployed workingman than to take his chances with slow starvation in the face of the present disturbed industrial conditions, which have, here as in the United States, caused such chaos in the labor market this winter. And for the student it gives play to all the fine idealism which has been developed in his English home and his English university training.

Everywhere in the larger cities one sees soldiers. Natty uniforms, twirling military sticks, spurred boots, dress parades, are giving a new flavor of *bon camaraderie* to the streets, the theaters, and the hotels. There is little in the jolly good humor of these young soldiers that implies militarism; on the contrary, they are bubbling over with the burly, boisterous idealism and recklessness of democratic youth.

War means hardship, suffering, and death. But to these young soldiers of Canada it means excitement, local favor, a chance to serve, a romance, a challenge. The biggest event of all history has come. It is not of their making, and in theory they are peace-loving. But it has come despite all theories. Explain it as the result of capitalistic greed, economic necessity, race prejudice if you will; to Canada it is a moral issue that is involved, and it is in the glow of a moral enthusiasm that the young men have so willingly come to the front and offered their lives to the service of civilization.

The war feeling is buoyant and self-confident. Just as Parliament is wrangling over politics, so the educators and writers are wrangling over social ethics. The jingo feeling is abroad, and many are the regrettable steps that have been taken in the name of patriotism. Three professors have been dismissed from the University of Toronto to appease public clamor over the fact that they were of German descent; many people have been arrested and tried as spies on little or no real evidence. German music has been tabooed on the concert stage; all publications containing articles criticising the Allies have been forbidden entry; and there are hosts of rumors about German factories and grounds concealing gun bases, air-ships, and munitions of war. A few weeks ago the newspapers became hysterical over the alleged flight of several Zeppelins that had been seen traversing the heavens at night preparing to throw their terrible bombs on the sleeping hamlets and cities. Upon careful inquiry it was found that the swift-moving lights which thousands had positively identified as the searchlights of great air-ships were three tiny gas balloons which had been sent up by some practical joker on the American side of the border. But the excitement was high and the feeling of bitterness against all Germany tremendous. The soldiers chafed at the delay which kept them from the throats of the enemy. All the finest feelings of fair play were outraged by such "atrocities." They were eager to be off and take up the fight for what they believe to be enlightened civilization.

The second contingent was delayed because of the terrible spread of contagious diseases that broke out in the training camps as the result of gross mismanagement and corruption on the part of the officials and commercial firms that were supplying the food, the boots, clothing, and other equipment. Parliament knew this and charged it to the "other party." The soldiers knew it, too, and chafed the more. Keyed up with the desire to dare and die for the sake of honor and truth and glory, they scorned to worry about scandals as to supplies and materials. They drilled, they paraded, they flirted with the girls, but each day they became more restless under the prolonged period of saying farewell and more eager to jump into the actual fighting.

So the Government has wrangled, the press has grown hysterical, and the boys have enlisted by the thousands. But the farmers

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and the women were the first to realize what all this was meaning and might mean to Canada. Not until the other day, when the first death lists were reported, did the recruits realize the gravity of their task, nor did Parliamentary politicians actually face the full significance of their own selfishness and pettiness. But from the first the farmers and the women appreciated the grim fact that this war was more than a test of Canada's loyalty to England, or than a temporary interruption of business prosperity. To the former it meant an opportunity to re-establish the basis of the entire industrial order on a sound footing of fundamental production; to the latter it seemed a challenge to construct a new social order which should guarantee for the country a new generation of socially fit citizens, that would more than make up for the terrible sacrifice of life and character that was being made.

The great agricultural areas of Canada have been so extravagantly exploited, and the price of land boomed so much higher than its real value by the rosy prospectuses of the railways and the development companies, that a serious reaction had set in long before war was dreamed of. The landholdings had grown larger; tenantry had increased. The farmers have lost good profits because of the burden of taxation, the inadequacy of markets, and the non-distribution of immigrant labor. Vigorous agriculturists from Russia, Poland, and Italy are being brought to Canada by the thousand—the percentage to the present population has been higher than that ever attained in the United States—are being dumped in the country with little or no facility to get out to the land, and thus allowed to congest into unassimilable groups in the larger cities. The farmers were much wrought up over "reciprocity," and thoroughly disgusted when the jingoistic patriotism kept the Government from discussing that fundamental issue with the seriousness it deserves; to-day they are equally indignant over the fact that Parliament is floundering around in its attempt to help them in a maze of tariffs and taxes that seem bound to help only a privileged few and to plunge the large majority worse in debt than ever.

But the farmer now holds the key to the whole situation. Only a failure of the spring crop—and the official predictions are all optimistic—will keep the farmer from holding the whip hand over the legislature and forcing the whole country to the grave consideration of the elemental bases for taxation, protection, and conservation.

With the coming of the railway and the immigrant, Canada ceased to become a pioneering country, and, as usual, poverty, degeneracy, and delinquency followed close in the trail of industry, prosperity, and civilization. Cities grew up and slums developed. The usual social problems have been complicated by the fact that in the older provinces at least they have not yet solved their questions of public versus private schools or of a single rather than a double official language. The larger social questions, such as compulsory education, child labor, trade mediation, have been met. In recognizing the newer standards of social conservation Canada has been more reticent. Heretofore the business men and the taxpayer have made the country conservative on the same old grounds of "economy" and *laissez-faire*. But now, with the flaming up of the moral courage of the race, these selfish motives have been swept aside, and there has come to stay a willingness to face the conditions as they really are and to make them permanently better. Socially-minded citizens have been quick to take advantage of this determination and have rallied together to present a constructive social programme. This includes:

1. The conservation of home life through the granting of adequate public assistance in the home to the children of dependent mothers who are proper guardians, and the gradual disruption of the whole huge system of orphanages and asylums.

2. The protection of the mental virility of the race by segregating and caring custodially for a greater number of the insane, feeble-minded, and otherwise socially unfit.

3. The better education of all the children by more thorough public supervision over all schools, and the raising of the age requirement of the compulsory education law to sixteen years.

4. The relief of unemployment by a system of distribution of immigration and a regularization of industry.

5. The development of the normal social life of the community by a generous promoting of recreation, protecting of industrial conditions, and promulgating of the principles of health and moral welfare.

Showing a spirit as valiant as that of their brothers who are sacrificing their lives in Europe, the women of Canada are determinedly working for the conservation of

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human resources and the democratization of opportunity. With the war coming fast upon the heels of economic distress; with the collapse of the prosperity boom and with the wave of immigration making the burden of social problems disproportionately hard upon the older citizenry, the women are facing the situation silently and solemnly—grimly building the foundations for a bigger and a better Canada. Their "boom" is not written up in extravagant advertisements, but can be read in the sober language of social legislation. The cause of constructive progressivism has been furthered by the ever-present horror of destructive chaos.

Already Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, is considering the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the public provision for the mentally deficient; already the Provincial legislatures are formulating mothers' pension laws; already minimum wage, workmen's compensation, and social insurance are being ardently advocated; already the Government is devising an extensive system of labor exchanges and immigrant distribution.

All this is being done, not in the name of humanitarian sentiment nor of Socialistic idealism, but as a result of the big-minded, far-visioned, and open-hearted realization that it is as much the duty of the State to assure the future of the citizenry as it is to make the sacrifice of her finest sons in a crisis of war. This is as old as truth itself, but it has taken the grimness of a terrible war to make it a dynamic force in the life of Canada. The more men that are killed, the greater the cost in health and money, the grimmer will become Canada's determination that the sacrifice shall be justified by the rearing of other generations of men fit to take the place of those who are gone. These next generations are Canada's hope and promise. But the very planning for their growth is already welding the whole nation together and bringing all the people to appreciate that beyond their patriotism to England, greater than their loyalty to the cause of the Allies of Europe, is their new-born sense of their own identity and of their common duty toward their common future. R. M. N.

Toronto, Canada.

ON THE TRAIL OF PROGRESS AND REACTION IN THE WEST

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

THIRD ARTICLE

AMERICA IN THE MAKING—ILLINOIS AND IOWA

COMING down on the Northwestern train from Minneapolis to Chicago, for an interesting hour I fell in with one of the strong men of President Wilson's Cabinet, Secretary Houston, of the Department of Agriculture. Coming East he had been visiting most of the States which I was to visit going West. There was one phenomenon which particularly impressed us both, and it has impressed many others—namely, the intensely Nationalist spirit of the Middle West. The eyes of the East are too often fixed upon the city of Washington with a predatory gleam. The eyes of the West are fondly, even if at times somewhat hopelessly, fixed upon Washington as the center of the common life of the Republic, as the collective guardian of the common good. Compared with the West in this respect, New York seems almost sectional and provincial. One feels somehow that too intense and prolonged contemplation of the ticker and the desk and the brief and the profit-sheet, with the sort of physical and mental relaxation which comes from strap-hanging, the perusal of headlines, the tripping of the tango, have resulted in a partial atrophy of the power to think in a big and broad way for the Nation as a whole. From the wide acres over which they rove, and the extended vault of the sky, and the opportunity for reflection which comes as they work and as they read when night falls and they are gathered around the table in the family sitting-room, the prosperous farmers of the West seem to develop a capacity for devoted and impartial reflection

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upon the National welfare which has in some measure been denied their fellow-citizens in the East. Out of the West came the great National movement for the control of the inter-State railways. Out of the West came the National movement for the revision and supervision of tariff schedules in the interest of the whole country. Out of the West came the National movement for the hobbling of the old-time political boss and the employment of certain forms of direct intervention to safeguard representative government. And the West still remains, as it has ever been, the great center of original impulse towards a more and more advanced and perfected democracy. It is no reflection upon the wholesomeness of the effort which has there been put forth for the Nation's good to say that those impulses have frequently needed the curbing of the rest of the country, or to say that the West itself has found that some of its own policies needed pruning after testing.

Chicago and Springfield are, of course, the great centers of influence and information in Illinois. Springfield is like Albany—you can smell it when you get off the train. It is as if the corpse of the commonwealth were lying around somewhere unburied. In Springfield is the home of Lincoln, one of the shrines of the Nation, but the municipal administration of Springfield, even in its commission form, is far from successful as an experiment in self-government. There is the noble portrait of Lincoln looking benignly down upon the halls of legislation in the State Capitol, but it looked down upon the evil mazes and designs of the Lorimer jackpot gang, a disgrace as deep and dark as clouds the pages of any commonwealth in the Union. But the spirit of Lincoln still broods over Illinois. It is a death-grapple between the spirit of Lincoln and the spirit of Lorimer, and my belief is that the spirit of Lincoln is slowly but surely winning in that State.

I suppose Chicago has plenty of bright, sunshiny days when the soft-coal smoke is all blown off on the prairies. I have been there a good many times, but I never happened to see such a day. But by and by you get in the habit of looking back of the superficial civic sootiness and gloom. Then Chicago appears far from a dark or hopeless city. Not that everything always goes right in Chicago—it often does not—but there are tremendous forces at work there for civic betterment which grow stronger with every defeat. And they have some victories. You can feel the community spirit without feeling around for it, as you sometimes have to in New York. The process of Americanization that is going on among the foreign-born, and particularly the children of the foreign-born, under the leadership of noble and notable men and women, is powerful and vital. But one cannot escape the conviction that, after all, far too great a burden is being put upon the self-sacrificing leaders of progress, and that the vast undigested masses of foreign-born which are permitted to pour into Chicago, as well as into many other cities of the country, are making the process of assimilation much too dangerously difficult in America.

Of course it is a simple law of human development that a people get on sanely and soundly only about as fast as they grow in like-mindedness, in the ability to feel and think and act together. Now one of the great obstacles to social and political progress in Illinois, as in the State of New York, is the amount of unlikeness in the population. In New York there is the great composite city and there is the more or less homogeneous up-State farmer; and the two have faced each other with their antagonisms for much longer than a generation, and they are at it yet. Every legislative session is a struggle between these opposing groups. So in Illinois there is Chicago, with the foreign-born element very largely centered in Cook County, while the population map of southern Illinois shows white with the native stock. And so there is diversity of interest and of problems. And the troubles are not all in Chicago. There is a native zone running through Adams County, Ohio, through Terre Haute, Indiana, and on into Illinois, where the mental inertia and moral backwardness and soddenness of corrupt political practice at first glance seem to augur ill for the future of self-government in America. And the prospect of a rather easy extension of this practice to the debauchery of the foreign-born voters or their children can be contemplated only with alarm. I do not think the evil is so deep that it cannot be rooted out. It is in process of being uprooted just now in the Middle West. We are beginning to understand the causes of suffrage debauchery. One cause is unquestionably the cupidity of a certain type of native individual voter. If patriotism had not died in his soul, the agents of the corrupt political machine

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could not reach him. And the amazing thing is that this decay of political virtue is not simply among the human down-and-outs, but among a large fringe of voters who pass for reputable citizens. If the names of the "floaters" on the little list of the lieutenants of the political machines for the last twenty years could be published, in most communities it would jar complacency. But there is another side. A wide extension of the whole system of debauchery of the suffrage has grown up in America since the Civil War, owing to the fact that the boss has had the backing during a considerable part of that period of large corporate funds in the form of campaign contributions. The impression of politics which many "average citizens" have got is that it is a game played for the office-holder and the selfish aggrandizement and prosperity of an inner machine group, and many a man who is not by any means devoid of conscience has deluded himself into the belief that, if he leaves the plow or the ax to go to the polling-place to help put into power one set of selfish schemers instead of another set of the same sort, he ought to be paid at least for the loss of his time. With the falling off of machine influence, with the decline of irresponsible contributions from corporations, with the increasing conscience about such matters now developing in the country, and with a practical law that will punish the vote-buyer and leave the vote-seller free to testify with immunity, we may look, I think, for some relief from corrupt practice, which, if allowed to extend among the foreign-born and their children, would soon gravely imperil the foundations of personal and National liberty.

Against great odds Illinois is fighting hard and gaining ground. The spirit of Lincoln is winning against the spirit of Lorimer. Lorimer himself has lost his grip, not so much because he was expelled from the United States Senate—that did not seem to injure him much—but his alleged business irregularities, coupled with the failure of his banks and the pinching of the fingers of his friends, seem to have finished him politically. It is a curious bit of psychology. It was the same thing that finished Patrick Calhoun, the traction magnate who was implicated during the graft prosecutions at San Francisco. This did not measurably shake Calhoun's power, but when a group of "close ones" were caught in a reclamation and irrigation scheme which Calhoun engineered, his decline was rapid and permanent. The faction of the Republican party in Illinois opposed to the leadership of the Lorimer "principles" is slowly gaining the ascendency. Neither the defeat of a splendid candidate like Judge Olson in the recent mayoralty primary nor the elevation of "Dave" Shanahan to the Speakership of the lower house at Springfield discredits that judgment. The tide is rising. The Lorimer days will never come back at Springfield, and nobody knows it better than the experienced and astute Shanahan, who, with Shurtleff and Lee O'Neil Browne, figured in the bi-partisan Lorimer scandal. Browne is incorrigible and not in line to see the light. But Shurtleff turns up this year as the imperturbable candidate of the "dry" forces in his district, and, while the attitude towards his reformation is one of "watchful waiting" among the wise observers of the State, the feeling about Speaker Shanahan is that, whatever his faults, he is far too able and wise to allow things to slip back into the slough of corrupt bi-partisan perversion which characterized it in the Lorimer days. In the Chicago Mayoralty contest this spring the Deneen Republicans, and the Progressives under Professor Charles E. Merriam, of the University of Chicago, and Medill McCormick, and other leaders joined forces behind Judge Olson, and were defeated in the Republican primary by a comparatively narrow margin.

Not all Progressives in Illinois are as yet in unison, but the foundations are undoubtedly being laid for a union of interest and purpose between the anti-Lorimer Republicans and the Progressive party element which even in the 1914 campaign in Illinois polled more than two hundred thousand votes. Such a coalition, if it can be maintained long enough, would be likely soon to become the dominant political influence in the State. The progressive element of the population is in a decisive majority. The party habit spirit has been broken by the fierce onslaughts of political independence within the last few years, and either President Wilson or a thoroughly progressive Republican candidate alone stands, as it now appears, any certain chance of success with the Illinois electorate in 1916.

The progressive spirit of Illinois has achieved within a few years some signal victories. Among the big things recently put upon the statute-books of the State are a workman's compensation act, a direct primary, a State-wide public utilities commis-

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sion, woman suffrage except for Constitutional offices, and general welfare legislation of indisputable worth. A resolution to amend the Constitution with an initiative and referendum provision failed in the last Legislature by one vote, and the general slowing down and steadying process which is going on in the West, and is being mistaken in the East for reaction, would probably prevent the initiative and referendum from having a chance with the present Legislature—just as is the case in Minnesota. Also a Democratic Governor in Illinois and a Legislature of closely balanced party alignment do not contribute, any more than anywhere else, to unity or easy progress.

But Illinois is not repealing anything. The people are not satisfied with the working of the direct primary—neither is any State in the West, and the reasons I shall try to give later—but Illinois wishes to make the direct primary more efficient and has no intention of giving it up. Neither has any other State. To take it away from almost any commonwealth in the Union which has once made use of it would pretty nearly threaten civil war. Every commonwealth which once gets it holds on to it as a weapon of political freedom, and will insist upon perfecting the instrument until something better is contrived. The experience with the direct primary in Illinois has revealed to the people the miseries of their undemocratic system of burdening an electorate with the choice of a multitude of office-holders. Governor Dunne told me that in the polling-place last fall he faced one hundred and sixteen names on the Democratic primary ballot from which he was to make selection of committees and candidates. Although he has been familiar with his district for many years, there were men about whose qualifications he knew nothing, and he could give himself no assurance that he was choosing wisely from any standpoint. This sort of experience is driving Illinois rapidly towards a much shorter ballot. It is pretty certain to be the first reform that proceeds from the Constitutional Convention which various powerful groups in the State are now anxious to secure. The conflict over the continuance of the saloon is very much to the front, and the long deadlock about the speakership during the past winter was really a determined and bitter contest between the "wets" and the "drys." County option, a constitutional convention, reorganization of the State government, a minimum wage law—these are among the issues in the front line. Although this programme may work out somewhat more slowly than Illinois has recently been moving, still the programme is scarcely redolent of reaction!

The Commonwealth of Iowa presents, in many respects, significant contrasts with Illinois. Iowa is a homogeneous State. The percentage of the later immigration of the backward races from southern Europe is exceedingly small. There are no large cities. Wealth is distributed with a very considerable measure of equality. Fifteen years ago observers of Iowa were struck with the somewhat run-down tone of its public and social life. The decadence of the Church, the dejected tenants of the land, the low state of "railroad" politics, impressed beholders. Prosperity and the fighting edge of the splendid Cummins group of political progressives have changed all that, and prosperity is entitled to much credit. Corn and hogs are at the bottom of moral progress in Iowa. The growing demand for the chief commodities which the State produces, the rise in price of these food supplies, have in various ways profoundly benefited the State.

Prosperity has quickened the social spirit. In the place of the old individualistic and decadent churches, the new centers of religion in the agricultural districts are socially concerned with the happiness and contentment of all the people here and now. The joys and comforts of prosperity have opened the eyes of the people to see that their soil is their chief asset, and that their land policy should be a first concern. A commission of qualified men has been looking into the system of tenantry that has grown up in Iowa. They find that forty per cent of the farms are now occupied by tenants, and most of the leases are for only one year. The tendency of this is towards the impoverishment of the land. There is no incentive for the tenant to replenish the land or to improve the fertility of the soil. He works it to its limit and moves on out of the State, for Iowa has decreased somewhat in population in the last ten years in spite of her prosperity. The skimming, tripping habit has got into the blood, and a certain proportion of the tenant farmers have moved on towards the coast or into the Canadian northwest. Governor Clarke, of Iowa, in a Message this year which is full of human interest, declares it to be the very first duty of Iowa to preserve her soil and to exercise her sovereignty through a law relating

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to landlord and tenant. The fixing of the conditions of tenantry, long-term leases, a compensation to the occupier for improvements and fertility added to the land by him, a co-operative system of distribution so that the agriculturist may realize more from his productive toil, the development of rural credit under the fostering care of the State so that safe loans for improvement purposes may be obtained by the farmer as readily as by the manufacturer—these are the great social ideas which are revolving in the minds of the people of Iowa.

Lest I give the impression that Iowa is a Utopia, let me say that I am speaking of the dominant trend of the present leadership of the State, and of the attitude of mind of the people which prevails after a thing is talked out. It would of course be possible to point to more than one instance of narrowness and temporary blindness on the part of the electorate. Only this year a wave of public retrenchment and financial reform, which fortunately is sweeping the country, struck Iowa. Iowa has a stately Capitol building and a beautiful monument to the soldiers of the great war, standing upon what might be a commanding slope. But, from a distance, you can see only the peak of the Capitol because of a motley collection of shacks and sheds which surround it. At the last session of the Legislature an appropriation of nearly a million dollars was authorized for the purpose of purchasing and clearing away this circle of ugliness. The consequence was that the voters turned on the legislators, and three-quarters of the lower house were defeated for re-election on this issue. But the greatly needed improvement will soon have the commendation of everybody! All of which illustrates the precarious nature of public service in a democracy.

Another instance of the limitations of Iowa democracy is seen in the attitude of the people towards their splendid University of Iowa. The College of Agriculture is disconnected from it, better supported, and in better favor than the University proper. Some day the power of the university in developing honest and intelligent and efficient leadership in a free State will dawn on the farmers of Iowa, and then they will realize, as they do not fully now, the tremendously useful and self-sacrificing work which is being done at Iowa City. A powerful college of applied political and social science, for example, in connection with the University, would yield returns in expert public servants that would lift Iowa and every other State in the Union to a higher level.

Increasing prosperity in Iowa has produced favorable political reactions. Half a generation ago the railways of Iowa were the government. Through the lavish distribution of passes among judges and editors and politicians and merchants, a railway machine which bore not the slightest resemblance to the instruments of popular government was long perpetuated. If the farmers had remained poor and mortgaged, that control might have continued. A well-distributed prosperity is a prerequisite to a cautiously advancing democracy. Poverty and injustice and tyranny lead to advance by revolution. But there is a better way. The man who introduced the first anti-pass bill into the Iowa Legislature was laughed at. Now he is very greatly respected, and some day they will build a monument to him!

Iowa has never been a radical State, like Kansas or Nebraska. It is about the best example we have of a cautiously progressive State. It never needed the Progressive party. It was well on the way towards its goal before 1912. The fight for the freedom and progress of the State centered about the breaking of the shackles of railway control and the securing of the direct primary, so that the people might have some show at nominating their own candidates for office. This was all over by 1907. The growth in unity between northern and southern Iowa is interesting to observe. Northern Iowa has a strong strain of the New England stock, and has always been enterprising, vigorous, and conscientious. Southern Iowa was settled from near-by States on its border, is of a stock at first not so enterprising, and is inclined to be conservative. The power of the railway pass soaked into southern Iowa much deeper than into central or northern Iowa, and it took long to break the domination of the machine there. Northern Iowa is furnishing the leadership of progress. United States Senators Cummins and Kenyon and Governor Clarke are from the north country. But the unity of the two sections is becoming more and more pronounced, and, generally speaking, it would be hard to point to the mind of a commonwealth in the Union which is working out more soberly into the long future of self-government.

Just now Iowa is strong for prohibition, and there is a growing concern for retrench-

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON, MAYOR-ELECT OF CHICAGO

In the largest vote ever cast in a Chicago election, local or National, Mr. Thompson, on April 6, received a record plurality—nearly 148,000. The significance of this city election contest in Chicago and the previous political history of the new Mayor are discussed in the editorial pages

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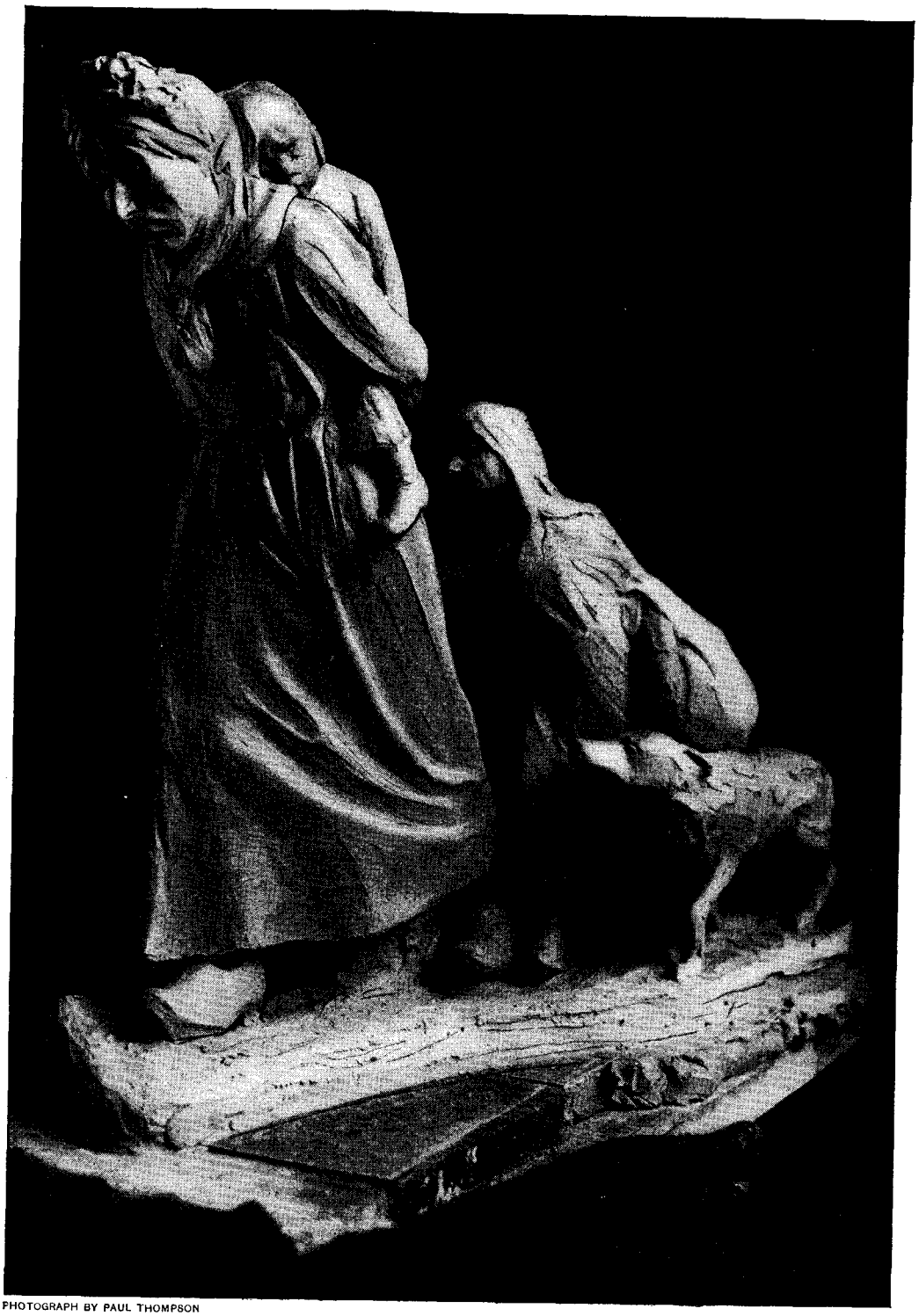

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

BELGIAN REFUGEES AS SEEN BY A BELGIAN SCULPTOR

This interesting group, which, apart from its tragic motive, attracts attention as showing novel influences, not to say vagaries, in sculpture, is by Mr. G. V. Nys, who has recently exhibited in New York several statues which reflect the sad conditions existing in his country as a result of its invasion by the Germans

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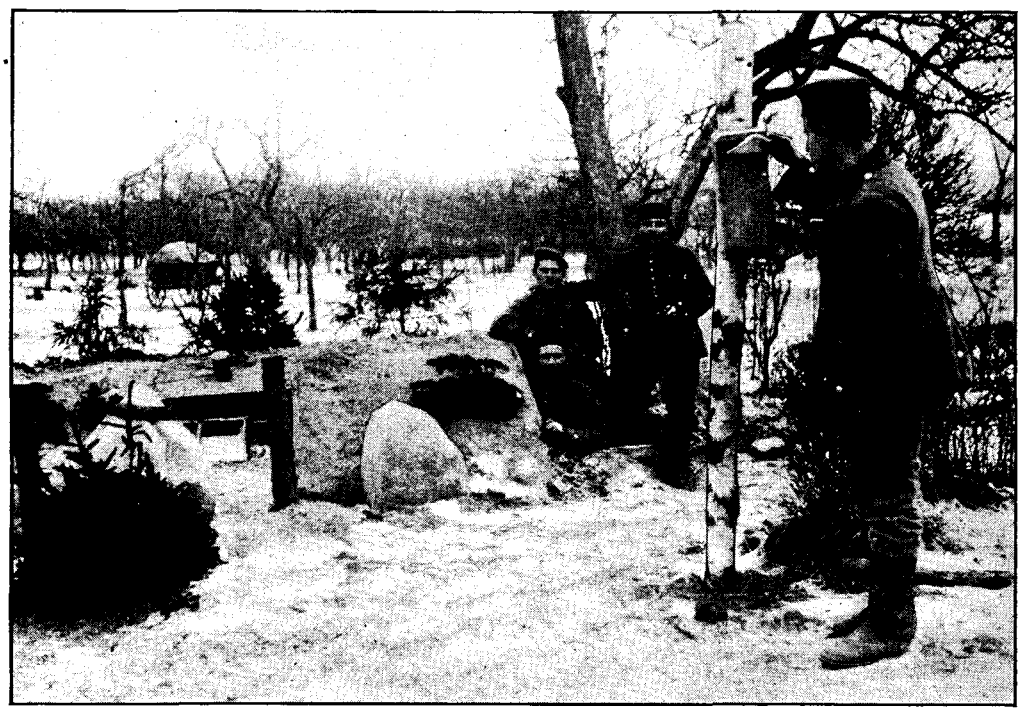
PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

THE PERISCOPE AS USED BY THE MAN IN THE RANKS

The soldier who possesses this ingenious little device—it is a mirror inclosed in a metal case and fastened to the end of his bayonet—need not endanger his life by putting his head outside his trench or other defense against the enemy's sharpshooters. The mirror enables him to see what is going on in front of his position. When "off duty," it can be detached and used for shaving or other toilet purposes



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GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO EXPECT TO "SIT TIGHT" IN RUSSIAN POLAND

The underground dwelling shown in the picture is much more comfortable than the ordinary trench, having even the luxury of a glazed window. The men who built it undoubtedly expect to stay awhile in their comfortable quarters. They have a "field post-office" adjacent, at which letters for home may be posted

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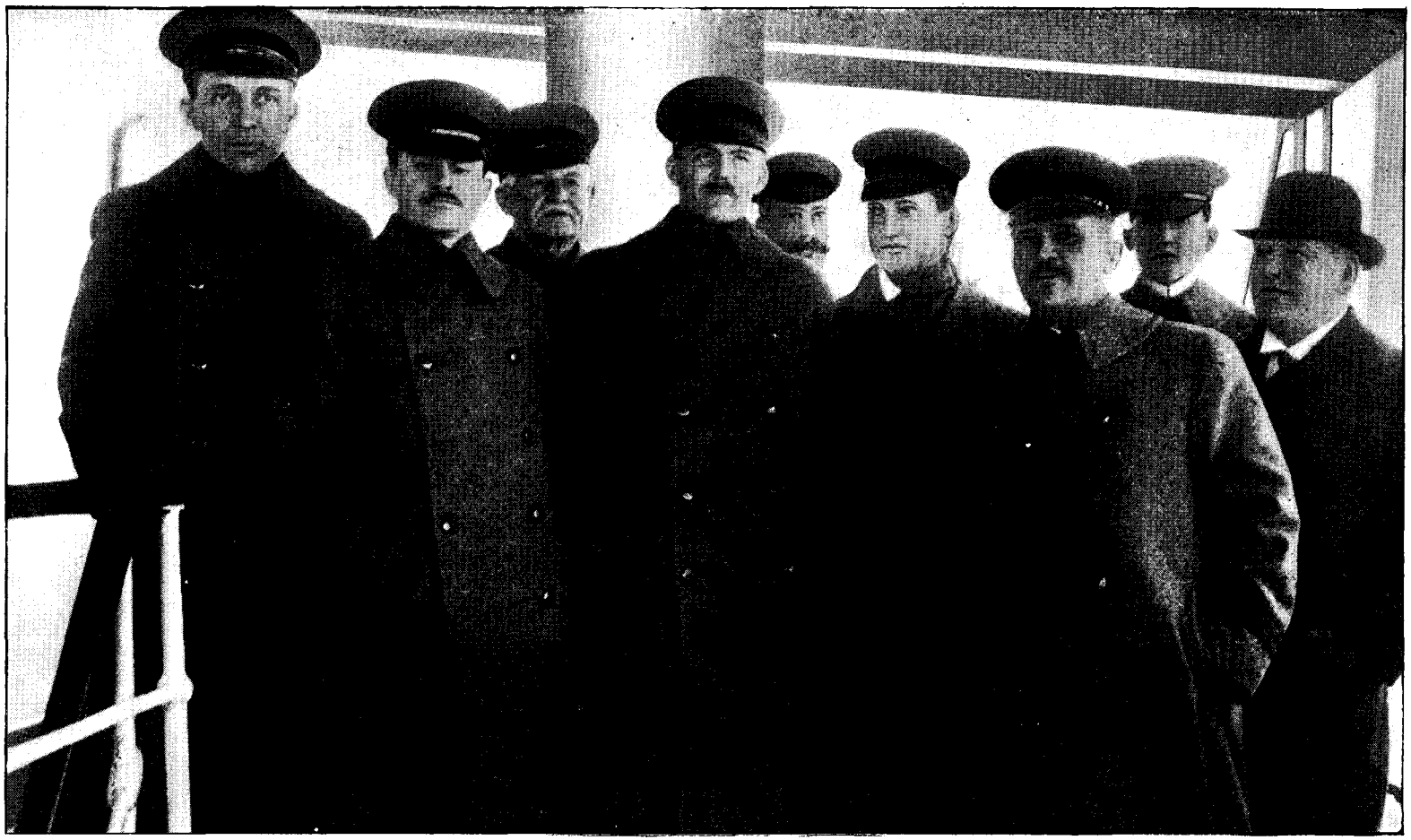

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HELP FOR STRICKEN SERVIA

An American Sanitary Commission, portraits of some of whose members appear above, is on its way to help prevent the spread of the typhus plague in southeastern Europe. The disease, it is stated, has already made great ravages in Servia, devastating that unhappy country with a worse scourge even than that of the war, according to some reports. The Commission, which is sent out by the American Red Cross aided by the Rockefeller Foundation, consists of (left to right) Dr. Andrew W. Sellards, Dr. George C. Shattuck, W. S. Standifer, Dr. F. B. Grinnell, Luis de la Pena, Dr. Hans Zinsser, Dr. Thomas W. Jackson (Chief Sanitary Inspector), Hobart D. Brink, Dr. B. W. Caldwell. Dr. Richard P. Strong, the leader of the Commission, is now in Europe

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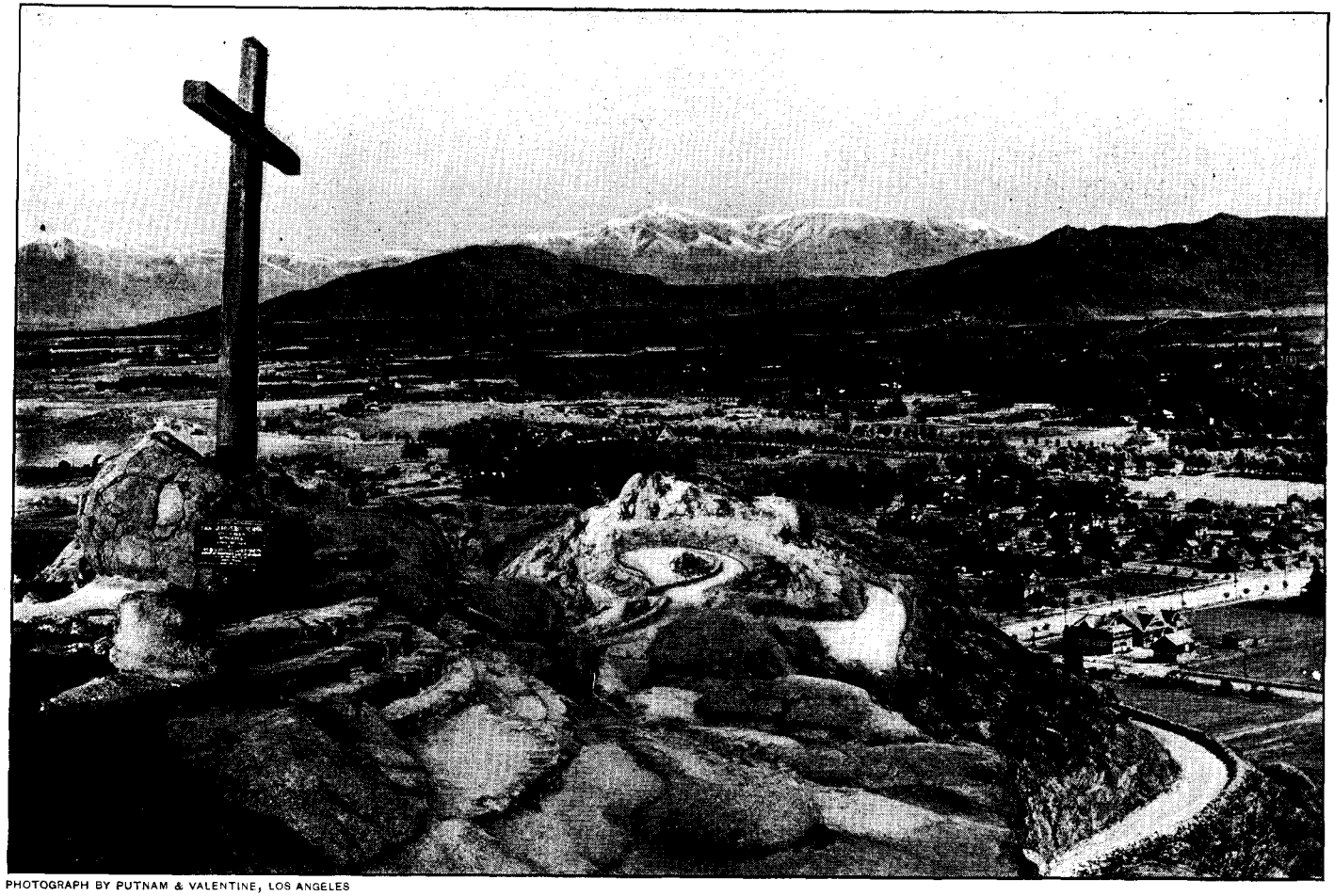

PHOTOGRAPH BY PUTNAM & VALENTINE, LOS ANGELES

MOUNT RUBIDOUX, CALIFORNIA, THE SCENE OF AN AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE

For the sixth time, April of this year has seen a great multitude assembling in an annual pilgrimage to the top of Mount Rubidoux, near Riverside, California. The pilgrimage, which is described as "devout but creedless," was inaugurated by the late Jacob A. Riis. The Los Angeles "Tribune" says that ten thousand people participated this year in the pilgrimage. For further description see editorial pages

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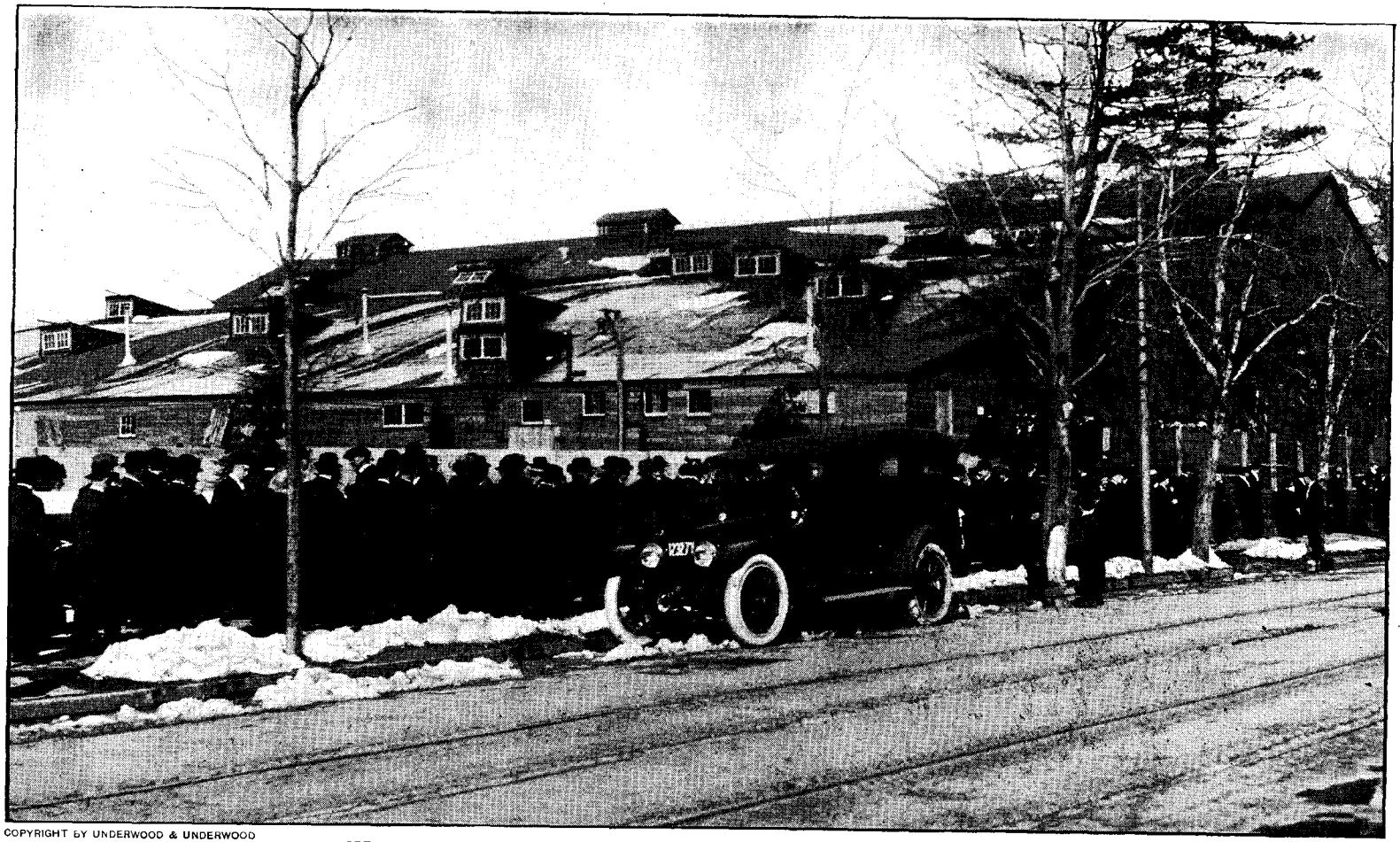

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THE BILLY SUNDAY REVIVAL AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

Fresh from his triumphs in Philadelphia, Billy Sunday has begun a series of meetings in Paterson in a great tabernacle specially erected for his use. The picture shows the crowd outside assembling for the spectacular service of the famous revivalist

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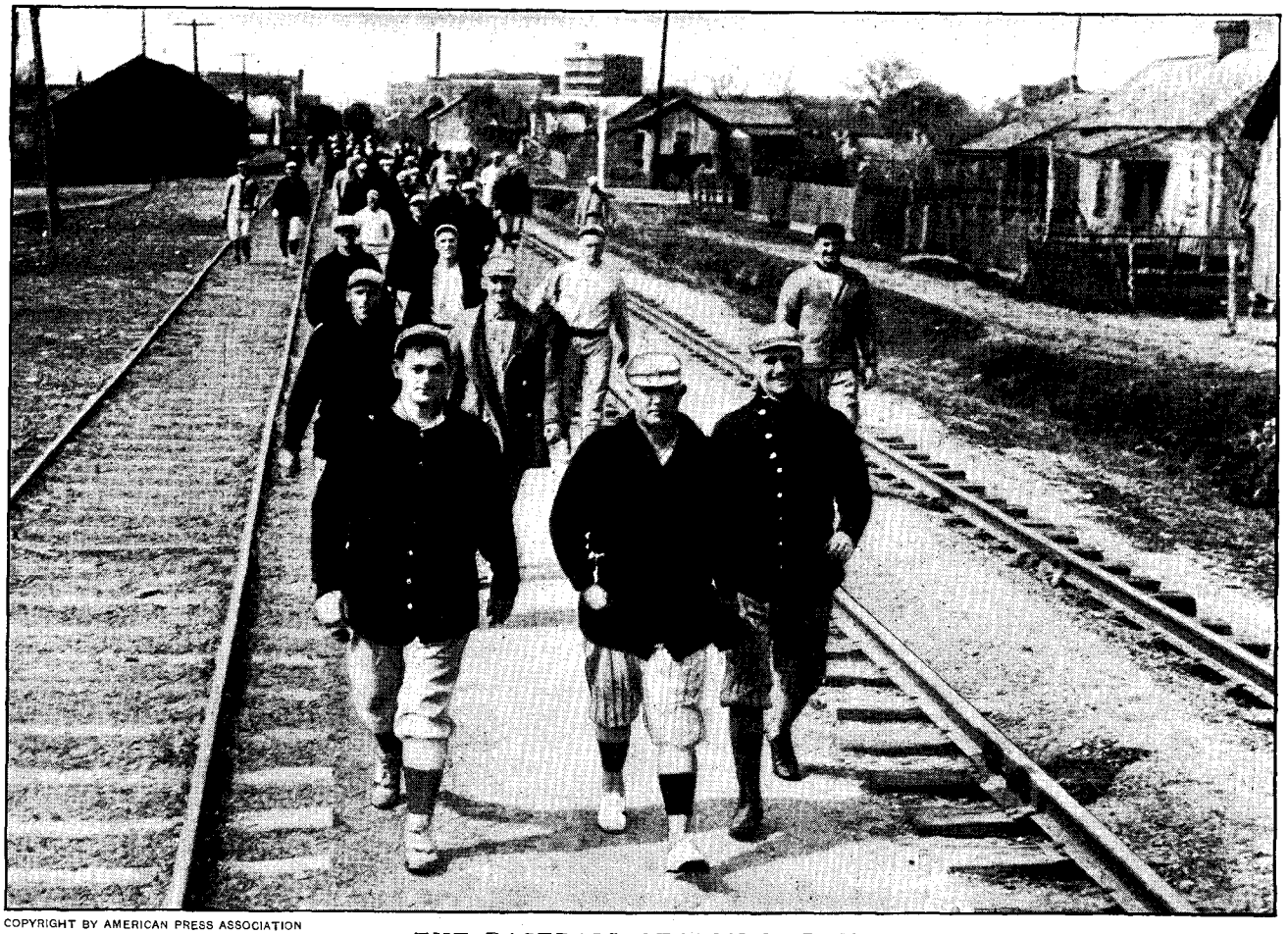

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THE BASEBALL SEASON BEGINS

Peace has its heroes no less than war; and during the next few months the celebrities of the diamond will compete on not unequal terms with those of the battlefield for the honors of the news columns of the American press. The above picture shows the "Giants" on their way to a preliminary game in the South; it was taken by Christy Mathewson, himself one of the most famous of the "fans'" heroes. The actual baseball season of the major leagues opened in eight American cities on April 14

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHILDE WEIL

F. HOPKINSON SMITH: ENGINEER, PAINTER, AUTHOR, STORY-TELLER

For an appreciation of the varied activities of this gifted man, who recently died in New York City, see editorial pages

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ment and financial reform voiced in the able report of a committee of efficiency engineers in favor of the radical reorganization of the State Government. Woman suffrage and the initiative and referendum are under discussion by Constitutional amendment. The Progressive party polled only ten thousand votes at the last election; but a vigorous Republican leader, who ought to know better than anybody else in the State, expressed to me the belief that this vote would easily rise to a hundred and fifty thousand in 1916 if there is the slightest suspicion about the progressive quality of the Republican nominee or platform.

The inscriptions in the State House, carved there during the Governorship of United States Senator Cummins, express well the temper of Iowa. They all breathe the New England sense of duty as well as the National spirit: "Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong;" "Iowa—the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow on to an inseparable union." And beneath the stands of colors of the infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery of the Civil War: "He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword, His truth is marching on;" "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget;" "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." The Iowa brand of progress is a pretty good brand. It is not hysterical or impulsive, and is not inclined to go too fast. But it has great faith in the moral forces of the world, and insists that things keep moving onward. It has pioneer American instincts and is devoted to the Nation.

The contrast in the difficulty of securing political liberty and human welfare in Iowa and Illinois, respectively, brings vividly into the field of reflection the whole question of the distribution of foreign immigration in America. You hardly find the trail of the latter-day immigrant in Iowa. In Chicago, of course, you find him in his lair. As a consequence Iowa is a comparatively simple and normal theater of progress. Illinois, like some of the Eastern States, has to face the whole disheartening group of economic consequences and of social and political disasters which follow upon immigrant congestion in the commercial and manufacturing centers of the country. Chicago is meeting these problems in a masterful way, but there is a tremendous and unnecessary strain upon social progress and moral order. And it profoundly involves the immediate future of the Nation. Not all the intelligence, not all the enthusiasm, not all the sacrifice, which are being poured out to save the day in the great cities of America can cloud the danger of ultimate failure from the standpoint of the Nation at large. In the delicate balancing of National duty and interest slowly we see the light. America still needs a continuing stream of rugged and moral immigrant stock. There are parts of Illinois into which a sound new strain would bring virility and economic and moral enterprise. If the conditions of tenantry could be improved in Iowa, with long leases and a wise rural credit system for improvements, Iowa could absorb slowly many thousands of the right sort of immigrants seeking with their families a permanent home. And the State would be the better for it. It is throughout the Western farming commonwealths that the steady assimilation of millions of agriculturists from the Old World would be of incalculable advantage to the country. It is, of course, precisely there, in the production of foodstuffs, that the volume of immigration is needed, rather than as a congested and exploited proletariat mass in the factories of New England and the East.

And yet, in spite of the imminent danger to the standards and ideals of the country from an inept or ignorant handling of immigration, and in spite of the very great advantage to the country from a wise handling of it, until very recently immigration as a domestic problem seems never to have got under the skin or in touch with the gray matter of the Government of the United States. No mind of the first order has grappled with it. Even the National Immigration Commission of a decade ago was lean in suggestion. We have lazily turned to the literacy test as a mechanical means of checking the inflow from the so-called backward races of southern Europe. And President after President has vetoed the test as out of line with the tradition and purpose of the American people.

There is no subject more worthy of expert pondering than this: How shall the Government of the United States intelligently and vigorously control the vast flow of immigration from its source to its economic haven? How shall it prevent artificial stimulation by the agent of the steamship company and the runner-up for the big contractor or the mill-owner? How shall it sift out the physically

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and mentally and morally healthy before they leave the port on the other side? What system of scientific and yet human management at Ellis Island will identify and record the kind of labor which each immigrant can best perform, and conduct him in safety to his job? How shall we control the natural social tendency of the immigrant to hurry into the crowded surroundings where relatives and friends have gone before? The immigrant cannot purchase farms at $200 an acre. How shall the Government get him on the soil with a reasonably long lease and a credit system patterned after that of the best agricultural communities of the Old World? How can the States help? The immigrant is needed in Illinois—on the soil; in Iowa—on the soil; in Kansas—on the soil; in New Mexico—on the soil. It is a problem of restriction at the source and of distribution on the land. Can the Government of the United States become strong enough, wise enough, efficient enough, to work out a solution? Upon the answer to this question, as much as any other, hinges the promise of American life.

THE LODGING-HOUSE

BY PAULA JAKOBI

I LEAVE the house, my heart beating so that it threatens to break my body, and yet this is not the Great Adventure. I have dressed carefully—my oldest, cheapest underclothing, oldest shoes with run-down heels, a skirt which sags at the back pinned with a large safety-pin, a plain shirt-waist, the collar pinned on, an old skating-cap pulled down over my hair, which is oiled and slicked back, a sweater, and woolen gloves—and I am ready for the journey. Luckily it is not cold. I walk quickly toward the car. Across the street is a man I know. I pull the cap over my eyes. On my own side I meet a woman. I hide my face with my hand and run for my car. As I near my lodging for the night I take off gloves and collar and put them in my pockets. I wonder whether I shall be eligible.

There are two great lamps over the door. The inscription reads "Women's Entrance." I pull open the heavy door. A kind, white-haired policeman bids me, "This way, lady." Tremblingly I go to the little latticed window. "Have you been here before? Your name? Your age? What is your work? Where did you work last?" These questions are not hurled at me, but, as though divining my agitation, come slowly, with long pauses. Not a question has been raised as to my eligibility. I am a guest for the night of the city.

"Upstairs, lady." I take the two tags which are given to me and go up a flight of stairs. I open a door timidly and find two long tables where many old, very dirty women and babies are having supper—about fifty women and fifteen babies. "What a' you standin' there for, lady? Go and get your supper." I go to a small table and get a bowlful of pea soup, a large piece of bread, and a cup of coffee. A full-bosomed Negress is at my right, two wretched, filthy children with their mother opposite. The children are ravenous. Between mouthfuls they whimper. A baby is lying on the floor. The only beautiful thing in the room is the light in the baby's eyes. A helper, who is one of the regular inmates, passes. She berates the mother opposite in no uncertain tones. "Say, see here, what are them brats yellin' for? You gotta see they keep quiet. Don't you see that the ladies wanta eat their supper? Don't yer know how to bring up children, anyway, you dirty Pollack?" She takes one of the children and feeds it. She is transformed. "You're hungry, ain't you? Poor little brat!" I glance about. A young girl is opposite—lethargic, fat, mechanically eating. The others are old or look so; the type one sees near Jefferson Police Court begging, wearing a skirt which drags behind, a coat which never matches, a winter hat in summer and a summer hat in winter. There are a few slender, worn foreigners. "Hurry, ladies, hurry. Don't sit there all night. You got to wash your dishes." This from the white-dressed matron. We start for the washroom, and the dishes are hustled through. Then to the

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window where a net bag and a nightgown are given. My nightgown is suspiciously gray. I beg the woman for the next one on the pile. "Ain't that one good enough for you? Say, who are *you* to be choosin', anyway? You can be glad to get that one. Another! Not much!" I am sufficiently subjugated. I join the other women in the laundry, where we take off our clothes and place them in a bag to be fumigated. The babies are crying.

If the women looked queer at table, they are a hundred per cent worse in their various stages of undress. Anything is pinned around them. If it had ever approached white, it is now dingy all over. That is, of course, with a few—a very few—exceptions, and those usually the younger women. The babies are mostly swathed in rags.

And the bodies about me! The abused, worn, aborted bodies! And the dirt!

Over these sad, contorted forms are drawn the nightgowns, which reach a little below the knee and are slit high on either side. They boast no buttons. If a woman possesses a safety-pin, the gown is closed. Then to the shower, which is placed between two closets, like spaces curtained from the outside room. Two women stand opposite each other and use the shower between them at the same time. One piece of soap is given to the two women. Each woman receives her own towel. After the bath, which most of the women complain of as being too cold, although it is only tepid and flowing freely, we go to the doctor's office and sit outside her room waiting to be examined. We wait there over an hour. There are some old, old women on the line. They must be over eighty. They are given precedence and treated very kindly. Slowly they file in. At last I go into the doctor's office. A white-dressed, kindly woman questions me. The questions are the same as at the grated window. She holds the electric light so that it shines into my eyes. "Open your mouth." She examines throat, gums. "Open your gown. Have you any sores on your body?" I assure her that I am well. I escape further examination. I wait my turn before the superintendent's room. Here the same questions are asked. This time it is with the purpose of securing employment for the applicant who is looking for any. The women who are very old and have no means of support are sent to the Island.

I gratefully seek my bed. The sheets are clean, the pillow very small. A cotton blanket is spread on the bed, then comes the sheet. It is to bed, but not to sleep. The litany of the babies' crying never ceases. Softly a mother is crooning a lullaby. Constantly doors are slammed and some electric lights turned high. Some of the women are so tired that they have dropped off despite the noise; some moan and toss all night. At last the room is full.

Next to me is a good-looking red-haired girl. She listens wistfully to the children. "I buried mine two months ago. He was a grand child! Eleven months old and big! It's them that has everything they need that dies. Them that hasn't is here. And my husband and I are here because of the baby. It cost us two hundred dollars—the nurse for me, and the doctor and the operation, then the baby's death and the burial. My husband's downstairs. We're going to meet in the morning and look for work." Again and again she would revert to the children. "The doctor here examined me. 'My!' she says, 'what sort of a doctor did you have when your child was born?' I can't have any more children. But if we get on our feet I'll adopt one some day. What's the difference whose child it is so long as it's a child? When you think of these women having them! They have no right to when they haven't a home for them. They don't give them a chance."

"Chance!" chimes in another girl; "none of us gets a chance. I was workin' every day—never missed one—in the cellar of a hotel. I was dish-washer. There was a man there who helped me. He'd do the heavy liftin'. I liked him well enough, an' one day I found out that I was in trouble. My people is respectable and wanted me to marry him, and they sent for him and for me to come there the same day. That was the first time I seen him in the daylight. I said I wouldn't marry him. They said they'd throw me off. An' they did. Oh, but when I seen him in the daylight! It never would 'a' happened if I'd 'a' had the sunlight on him." "Sh! too much talking; be quiet there!" comes a command.

It must be very late. There is noise in the corridor. A woman arrives much the worse for wear. Her matted hair clings around a tired face, which is bloated, heavy, and sullen. She looks as though she has never washed herself. The collar of her dress is low. Her neck seems to protrude

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horribly. She limps painfully, whimpering: "Yes, I was in a fight. I'm black and blue all over where the brute hit me. D'ye want to see it?"

The late comers go into another room, but they pass through this one to be examined. It seems like a railway station, with the shuffling feet and the banging doors and the bright lights in the corridors. There are no windows open. The room grows unbearably stuffy. Heavier steps go through the corridor. Three men are being shown through. "The woman's dormitory," says a man's voice. They walk through and glance indifferently at the huddled forms.

The dawn creeps in. "All up!" a voice shouts as the electric lights are switched on. What a sight! Shrunken figures seated on beds, bedraggled, frowsy; faded, emaciated faces, eyes half-open, unexpectant, hopeless. There seems to be only the hush of life in these faces and bodies.

"Bring yer sheets here, yer pillow-slips there." Feet shamble wearily in answer to the summons, "Straighten yer blankets." God knows who or what slept on my blanket the night before I did! To the window with one's clothes-check and back to the laundry to dress. It is a quarter to six. In the gray morning light the women look even more hopeless than before. But the babies! Here they sit, so good, so patient, wide-eyed; friendly to every one, waddling about on poor misshapen thin legs.

Every one is dressed and sits in the main room to wait the call for breakfast. A girl who has come in at two in the morning arouses attention. She is dressed in a white beaded dress with a light-blue scarf on her hair. "Much scrubbing she'll do in that dress!" "That's *after* the ball," comments another woman. The girl says nothing. An old woman approaches another with a great deal of ceremony. From her bag she extricates a little box. She opens the lid, and their eyes brighten as each takes a pinch of snuff. They stoop simultaneously and wipe their nostrils with their dingy black petticoats.

We are summoned to breakfast of oatmeal with milk, coffee, and bread. A woman at the table asks for some sugar for her baby's oatmeal. The boy who is waiting on the table brings it. Baby gets the sugar, and so does the rest of the table, for the bowl is quickly passed and emptied.

Back to the rooms, which are swept and dusted and scrubbed. By nine o'clock this is finished, and we go forth to hunt a job or to walk the streets "if you've nothing better to do."

Almost every woman in the lodging-house is alone—all except the mothers with their babies. This night there were no babies over two years old. Here there is work for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Some one connected with the Society should be at the lodging-house every night to look into the condition of the children who are there. Poor little white tots who are dragged from pillar to post; who are fed at any old time on any sort of food; whose clothing is dirty, insufficient, and ragged. Their days are long and tiring, and they are kept unkempt and unwashed, largely to engage the compassion of the passer-by. The mother counts on his being too rushed to look into conditions, but he cannot find it in his heart to pass the child, so a hastily dropped coin quiets his conscience.

These mothers who have no means of support have no right to the custody of their children even for a day. There should be a place for the child till the mother has a home for it.

In summer there are more women in the lodging-house than in the winter, for in the warm weather many of the men get the *Wanderlust* and forget they have a family, so there is no means of support, and the women are forced to this public refuge.

The city is doing a great deal for its homeless women. Still, at the lodging-house, non-success is regarded as almost a crime, and the women are treated with contempt. It is time for women out of employment to band together, to get empty buildings, to start co-operative places where each does her part and where it is no stigma to go—where strikers could go during the time of the strike when there is no money, where a woman could go who has just arrived in the city and is looking for work, where those discharged from a hospital would find shelter; where there is no charity, no obligation, just practical democracy. This might be done in connection with the labor unions, or by a woman's municipal club; but there must be no patronage, no rules. We have no right to have a vacant building in the community so long as there is a homeless creature.

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A PAIR OF SHOES

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE fussy old gentleman in the slouch hat and loosely hanging clothes tried the door-handle of Fortunato Vicenzo's cobbler shop for the second time in one day, and said: "Pshaw! Pshaw!" peevishly when it firmly refused to yield. He had a pair of shoes carefully wrapped in a newspaper under his arm, and he did not desire once more to carry them back the two dusty miles he had borne them hither. It was unbusinesslike of Fortunato to keep his shop closed the whole of an ordinary week-day. He determined to remonstrate with Fortunato and give him the choice of a closer attention to business or the discontinuance of his valuable patronage.

A trolley car came bounding rhythmically along the village street, past the sad-looking, neglected old houses beneath the stricken elms, turned a sharp curve with a screech of wheels, and stopped at the switch by the shoe shop. The gentleman thrust his pointed, anæmic face forward, scanning the seats for the truant shoemaker. His face brightened and he cried, "Ah!" Fortunato was there, descending from the trolley car. The gentleman cleared his throat.

But the sallow-faced young Italian with the thin black mustache did not march straight to his shop when he discovered the gentleman standing before it, and obsequiously, with many apologies, unlock the door. He grinned at the gentleman instead with cheerful recklessness, turned, and helped a buxom brown Italian girl down the steps of the car. The gentleman stared, as, on the whole, was natural under the circumstances. For the girl was good to see, with the peach-glow beneath the tan of her skin, the curved lips exquisitely modeled for love or for disdain, the shy, dryad eyes—memorable eyes. Her costume, moreover, was unusual. Her blue skirt was short, her waist a cheap cotton thing drawn together at the neck like a bag. She wore no hat; only a gaudy shawl that lay loosely on her shiny black hair, held there by magic or some deftly concealed pin.

Fortunato, carrying a little bundle obviously not made in New England, moved toward his shop. "*Eccola!*" he cried, pointing excitedly. It was a mite of a place, one story, with a shed roof that covered two rooms, and two rooms only—the shop in front, the bedroom-kitchen behind; but the girl gazed at it as though she were seeing turrets and shining parapets; and her breath came and went as though she had been running a long way.

"I've been here twice to-day with this pair of shoes," said the fussy gentleman, testily, as Fortunato and his lady approached. "You ought to stick to business or—"

The delighted grin on Fortunato's face, showing the large yellow teeth and lighting up the bright eyes, somewhat dampened the old gentleman's powder. "I go getta married," said Fortunato. "She come from ma country, from Ischia. She come thissa morning. We getta married. She ma wife."

He tried to hold back the embarrassed, self-conscious laughter, cutting thereby a more joyously absurd figure than before. The girl was more self-possessed. She took a step forward and held out her hand. The fussy gentleman, somewhat amazed, took it and dropped it. "Glad to meet you," he said. Then, turning to Fortunato, "About these shoes," he added, untying the string carefully, "I'll show you."

Fortunato unlocked the door and let the girl pass in, saying something softly in Italian. She looked up quickly, and her smile of unconcealed and simple-hearted rapture was like a flame breaking across her face.

"You see," went on the old gentleman, with his forefinger on the toe of one of the shoes, "it's a new pair, but they pinch here." He turned his head. Fortunato and his lady were disappearing through the low-curtained doorway that led to the apartment in the rear. The gentleman's temper rose. "Mr. Vicenzo," he called, "I've been here twice to-day. Do you want my trade, or don't you?"

Fortunato reappeared in the doorway. "Excusa me," he said, gently. "I fix shoes bimeby. I no t'ink shoes to-day. I wait for my gal four year—an' to-day she come!"

The old gentleman did not hear or heed the triumphant rapture of the tones. "Just a minute," he persisted. "You see, it's right here that they pinch, and—"

"Fortunato," called a soft voice, all music.

"The toes—" persisted the old gentleman.

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"I no givva damn!" cried the reckless shoemaker. "I getta married to-day. To-day I no work."

He crowded the old gentleman over the threshold in spite of his peevish protests; and closed and locked the door in his face.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the man outside, bewildered.

But the man inside cried, "Carmela!" and as his lady came running with a shout into his arms he drew her to his breast, sobbing suddenly as he held the warm, jubilant body close, and mingling a tear or two with her joyous tears; for he had waited long for her.

The arrival of the bride in the shoe shop did not vastly excite the little New England village, where "furriners" were "furriners," and not to be regarded as important enough for gossip. The fussy old gentleman in the slouch hat wore his shoes unstretched or carried them elsewhere, but happily there were other customers, who shook hands not unwillingly when Fortunato called his lady forth from their bedroom-kitchen and introduced her with a sheepish grin. She had a tragic look in the presence of strangers, for they frightened her and seemed to freeze to marble the chiseled lines of her face, which were all movement and evanescent color when she was alone with Fortunato. With him she was full of talk and singing, a good deal of a chatterbox. She had a way of talking to Fortunato while she was working in the bedroom and he was working in the shop, running gayly off into byways and other byways, crossroads, and blind alleys of melodious chatter, and stopping suddenly with a gasp and a frightened "Oh!" that delighted Fortunato when she became conscious that some customer had been waiting in the adjoining room one minute or five to wedge in the necessary word of explanation. Alone with Fortunato she was irrepressible; from morning till night a trumpet, blowing jubilation.

Carmela and Fortunato were very young—twenty and a half and twenty-one—but they had known each other for what seemed to them a long time, since it covered nearly their whole earthly existence. They came from Ischia, the island that lies green and placid and half forgotten at the harbor mouth of Naples, and had been children amid the ruins of Casamicchiola at a time when the great eruption was still a vivid memory. They had played together and wept and laughed together from the time that Carmela was a month old and Fortunato half a year; they had shared their spankings and their oranges, cherished each other's secrets, nursed each other's bumps, played hide-and-seek in the vineyards, and climbed, adventurous and half afraid, over the hard, broad, black, shining pathway of death, the lava road from Mount Epomeo to the sea. When Fortunato was fifteen, his boy friends, feeling very big and wise, had ventured once to make cutting remarks in his presence and for his special benefit concerning woman's faith and woman's virtue. Fortunato, being almost a Neapolitan, did the proper thing and endeavored to stab indiscriminately right and left. He was discouraged in this by the sound drubbing he received from the boys and the beating (on a body already black and blue) administered by his father. He kept away from Carmela for three days, straying off up the long slopes of Epomeo, to battle with his humiliation; and returned, faint with hunger, to find that Carmela had attempted suicide, thinking that he had run away for good and all. Fortunato, a little overwhelmed by this sudden plunge into the maelstrom of life, gasped, grew quiet, and followed Carmela on her goings out and her comings in more devotedly than before.

There was good reason, then, for the happiness of the shoemaker and his wife. They had loved a long time, and they had endured patiently the ordeals of that true love which proverbially never can run quite smooth; and Romance had stage-managed the incidents of their devotion with more care than it exercises with most marriages. It was on the brown, sandy beach of a cove where the dark-blue sea broke in a milky emerald green that Fortunato first discovered that his lady was good to look upon. Roundabout were high crags and overhead were gulls screaming, and at their feet the boom and the long ebbing swish and the reiterant, long-drawn bo-o-o-o-m of the surf as it broke around the curving shore. Fortunato was sixteen then. A year later—and up in a grove of old olives beside a warm, bubbling spring, where votive tablets to Apollo and the nymphs lay broken and forgotten from Roman days, with the blue of the sky and the dark-blue of the sea hanging like a gorgeous curtain behind the silvery leaves, he spilled out to her the story of his love. It was at dusk, and as they sat together on one of the old tablets they saw the sun sink and the gold shoot up through

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the blue; then the rose light, then the lavender, then slowly the purple night, with faint, timid stars. And murmurously, like two doves, they told each other over and over again things far too foolish and too sacred to be repeated by older folk. They went home, stumbling, drunken, delirious, with a roaring in their veins, and parted at Carmela's door. Fortunato lingered in the darkness, and made his way up the narrow, shadowy street to his own home, only to return to the shadow beneath her window. A long time he stood there, pressed against the house, with throbbing heart. Then, at midnight, he heard the door softly open. Carmela came out, dressed as when she had entered four hours before, even to the twig of olive in her hair. And there in the shadow they whispered and kissed and parted, whispered and kissed and parted again, too entranced with the fragile beauty of their love to let desire lay its hands on it.

Carmela and Fortunato remembered all these things, and lived their days in the joyous relaxation of the hero and heroine on the last chapter's last page, blissfully conscious of the "happy ending." "Now here," their manner seemed to say, "shut the book. Here on the pinnacle we stay forever."

The fussy old gentleman in the slouch hat swallowed his pride, something less than a year later, and, with a pair of shoes carefully wrapped in a newspaper under his arm, again tried the door-knob of Fortunato Vicenzo's cobbler shop. Again it resisted him. He muttered and tried the knob more vigorously, growling to himself. He was about to depart when he heard a step inside. A moment later the key was turned and the door opened by Fortunato, beaming possibly more radiantly than usual.

"Young man," said the fussy gentleman, sourly, "do you keep your shop closed all the time?"

"Excusa me," Fortunato replied in his soft voice. "My wife she gotta lilla baby."

"I want these shoes soled and heeled," remarked the old gentleman, untying the bundle, "and —"

"Fine boy," exclaimed Fortunato. "Born two hour ago."

"They pinch a little across the toes," the gentleman went on.

"Yezzir, I fix 'em bimeby," answered the happy shoemaker. "She say—my wife—he look lak me."

"Yes, of course," said the old gentleman, hastily. "But please, one moment. Do you understand? They're to be soled and heeled and stretched as much as possible in the toes."

"I un'erstan'. I fix 'em good," said Fortunato, adding enticingly, "Say, you wanna see baby? Fine baby. My wife she have awful pain, but she a' right now. I show you baby."

Even as he was speaking he disappeared through the curtains. When he returned a moment later with the little red-faced bundle of feeble squawks in his arms, the fussy old gentleman was gone.

Carmela and Fortunato found that two and a baby made an even more joyous combination than two alone. The hope, then the certainty, then the long, slow months of waiting had been full of excited wonder, but the baby himself was vastly more wonderful in their eyes than any baby their imagination had been able to picture. Waiting together, month after month, a sense that life was not all gayety and chatter and kisses had gradually come upon them, and this sense was now deepened by the presence of their child, demanding a thousand little sacrifices. Fortunato missed the irresponsible chatter of former days, but he consoled himself with watching Carmela fulfill the baby's needs hour upon hour, indefatigable, a bubbling spring of devotion. The chatter and the flame-like gayety were not altogether gone, moreover. They burst out unexpectedly when the baby, waxing mighty day by day, exhibited some new and wholly unanticipated charm; or evenings, when the baby was asleep, and Carmela, pretending that she wished she was not a wife and mother, advanced in years, played on Fortunato all the tricks of her sex known and practiced in Ischia. Thus, living a succession of unclouded days, they never thought of contrasting the beauty they had left across the sea with the noise and ugliness of their New World village. Fortunato was long used to the unlovely houses in the flat, colorless landscape, to the clanging of the trolley cars and the hum and shriek of the automobiles; and Carmela was so busy with her baby and so completely content that she did not notice her environment at all. She had dreamed of this life of theirs together for four long, lonely years while Fortunato was finding himself and his work in the far country; and it was all immensely better than the dream, all dear and roseate—altogether the *ever after*

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of the last page of the story-book. And the romance of it all was heightened and glorified in her eyes by the fact that she had run away from Ischia between the dark and the day, against her parents' mandate, with only the little bundle so obviously not made in America, and between her breasts the money Fortunato had sent to bring her oversea.

Humanly speaking, Carmela and Fortunato lived in a little two-room hovel with a shed roof beneath a stark and stricken elm; but, in a deeper sense, they had high halls and shimmering turrets for their habitation. The hovel was substantial and made of wood; the castle was insubstantial, and raised with the masonry and marble of dreams by the tireless architect who has his drafting-rooms in the heart of man. Life, the mentor, looked on both and smiled pitifully, and bided his time.

Two miles in from the country, with a bundle of shoes carefully tied up in a newspaper under his arm, the fussy old gentleman came down the road some six months later. He stopped at Fortunato Vicenzo's shop and grasped the knob of the door, grimly confident that it would resist him once more. He was almost disappointed when it turned, letting him enter.

Fortunato was not in his shop. The old gentleman tapped vigorously on the floor with his cane, and when there was no answer tapped again more peremptorily. Still no answer. He sniffed burning candle-grease.

Fortunato appeared in the doorway. His hair was wildly rumpled and his face was pale and livid as a blurred moon. The gentleman thought he had been drinking.

"This pair of shoes is almost worn out," he said, carefully untying the string, "but if you possibly could sole them again, and heel them, of course, and stretch them a little where they pinch at the toes—"

"I take 'em," answered Fortunato, faintly. "I find out bimeby—"

"I'd rather you told me at once," remarked the old gentleman, firmly. "If they're worth fixing, tell me, and if they're not worth fixing—"

From within came the sound of a low, long-drawn moan.

"I t'inka about it," said Fortunato, drawing back.

"But—" persisted the old gentleman.

Two tears rolled down Fortunato's cheeks, followed by many more. "My boy," he said, brokenly. "My boy—he go die las' night. He in dere." Then, after a moment: "He beautiful boy. You wanta see?"

The old gentleman's face twitched. He said something about not wanting to intrude, and beat a quick retreat. Fortunato turned again to the inner room. The shades of the windows were drawn. In the light of the four candles Carmela sat beside the table, her hands on her knees, her eyelids half closed over her dryad eyes—Grief in marble.

The castle was a ruin, the romance was broken glass. Silently she girded herself for the labor of life.

THE SPECTATOR AT THE SAN DIEGO FAIR

THEORETICALLY one should visit the San Diego Fair before seeing the one at San Francisco, and Eastern people coming out by the southern route will naturally do so. The San Francisco Exposition is far grander, more imposing, and contains much more to see; nevertheless it may be said that San Diego holds its own even after a week in San Francisco. Again we find another glory; San Diego is not like San Francisco or any other exhibition; it is *sui generis*. And it grows on one; it is more appreciated with each visit; its restful beauty takes hold of the soul.

Everything is on a smaller scale, the buildings fewer and lower, the avenues narrower; but the actual ground covered is almost as much as at San Francisco—614 acres as against 620. The landscape effects are as beautiful as at San Francisco, and nature has done even more to help. At San Diego the location is superb. The exhibition is on a hill-top, the city and the sea in the distance, with canyons, effectively forested, running down in every direction. There are vistas of wonderful beauty—gardens, bits of the Alhambra—never copies, only suggestions.

One has the sensation, on entering the grounds, of having been set down suddenly in Tunis, then whisked away to Algiers and to southern Spain. The builders have gone back to the sources of the Spanish Colonial

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style, which comes to us through Mexico from Spain. The Moors derived and developed their architecture from the early Byzantine, which grew out of the art of Rome and Greece and Persia. Suggestions of all of these styles of architecture one sees at San Diego.

The splendid church building, designed by Bertram G. Goodhue, of New York, dominates the entire exhibition. It is a perfect specimen of a Spanish Mission Cathedral, its dome and bell-tower inlaid with Spanish tile (made in San Diego). The Spectator, having learned the translation of the rather difficult Latin inscription that encircles the dome, is glad to pass it on. It is the eighth verse of the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy: "A land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of olive trees and honey." No text could be more appropriate.

It is almost a shock to find that this beautiful structure, perfect externally even to the bells in the open tower, is only the shell of a church, the interior containing sculptured monuments from Old Mexico and Central America. If one is interested in the ancient Maya City of Palenque, or the ancient Maya City of Quirigua, he may enjoy these rather grotesque columns and structures; but if, like the Spectator, he does not even know what a Maya city is, he will soon pass on to the out-of-door joys of the San Diego Exposition. You will spend very little time under a roof. You will sit before the Horticultural Building, by the pool which so delightfully suggests the pool at the Alhambra; or you will enjoy the out-of-doors organ concert, envying the people who can live in a climate where they dare to put a great church organ in the open. You will have your afternoon tea in a Japanese garden, overlooking a tiny pond, with its high, curved Japanese bridge, and its dwarf trees and stone monuments.

The ornamentation of the buildings is concentrated on the cornices, the doorways, and the borders of the windows; an occasional richly ornamented Moorish balcony delighting the eye. The buildings themselves are of a uniform pale gray, enlivened by splendid masses of dark green shrubbery planted against their great plain surfaces, and by draperies—deep blue, pale green, golden orange—which hang from the windows, looped over balconies in Spanish fashion. The guards, costumed in sky-blue uniforms trimmed with gold, add to the color effect. The roof tiles are in primitive colors, and everywhere there are flowers and flowering vines. The golden pipes of the great organ are framed in a temple of white, with vines and feathery trees on every side. And over all is the blue California sky.

Some exhibits you must not miss. See the Model Farm, a five-acre tract set out with all manner of fruits and nuts; in the center a charming home, with a great living-room having a recessed fireplace with an ingle-nook; one ell containing two perfectly appointed bedrooms, bath-room, and an afternoon-tea porch; the other ell with dining-room, kitchen, a big china-closet, and a laundry. A small house for servants or for other uses is on one side of a vegetable garden at the back of the main house, with a garage or stable facing it; and in the rear is the most ideal chicken-run that the brain of man ever conceived—pergola effects and prettily planned fences. The buildings are all of cement. The house cost $3,900, its furnishings $2,500. All the buildings on the place were built for less than $8,000. The lawns and gardens and the transplanted orchards have been growing for two years, so that one gets an object-lesson of just what happens to growing things in that period of time in this balmy land.

Across the way from the Model Farm an experiment is being tried in tea-planting. Sir Thomas Lipton has sent over from Ceylon a number of tea-plants in charge of a native, and you will see the little bushes, protected from the sea winds by canvas screens, just beginning to shoot out their tiny green leaves.

The caretaker thinks that in a month he will be picking tea-leaves. If this experiment should mean the possibility of growing tea in Southern California, the San Diego Fair would be paid for.

Wander through the Pepper Grove, its lawns of blue-grass, of clover, and of "lippea," commonly known as the "lazy man's lawn," because the "lippea" is a vine which runs along the ground, never grows high and never has to be mowed. If you want to see agricultural machinery, you will find it literally in its native lair here at San Diego, not housed in buildings, but out of doors, speeding along between the trees of an orange

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grove or over the rich soil of what is to be a wheat-field. The story of National forest activities is told by the model of an idealized National forest. You can see just how the rain (real water) falling on the forested slope of a hill is absorbed by the protected soil and eventually comes out perfectly clear and with no opportunity for soil erosion. On a near-by bare slope the water rushes off the hardened surface, cuts away the soil, depositing its silt in the river channel and upon the farm in flood-time. In the exhibit is a full-size model of one of the fire-lookout towers used in forestry protection.

The people love to loiter. No one hurries. Even the "electroquettes," big basket chairs holding three people, easily controlled by brake and steering handle, go at a pace which a year-old baby would consider slow. A great flock of pigeons has its home in the Plaza de Panama, and the birds perch on the visitors who feed them with seeds purchased from a gayly clad Mexican. When they are startled there is a vision of wings.

The California people seem to enjoy wearing badges booming something or other—orange-colored badges usually with black lettering telling of the county which they are celebrating. For in this mighty State counties mean almost what States mean with us back in the East. When you think that the northern boundary of California is as far from the southern boundary as New York is from Savannah, you begin to realize what a mighty province is this California.

Every fair must have its amusement section. San Diego's is called the Isthmus. The Spectator would not say anything against the shows which compose it, but he could not find one which from its outside led him to penetrate its inside. A very jarring feature of the Isthmus are posters which fill up the walls between the "concessions." One would hardly believe it possible, but here are scores of enormous cartoons exactly like those in certain of the Sunday newspapers—horrible things about "Mutt" and "Jeff" and others of their ilk. These are bad enough in the papers, but the effect when enlarged to eight by four feet is appalling!

Many of the buildings of the San Diego Fair are permanent, built of steel and cement, and they will remain when the Fair is over, to form, with the gardens, one of the most superb parks that any city in the world can boast of—Balboa Park they are to call it. It is already a remarkable city, this much-boomed San Diego, a "jumping-off place" one might think from its location; but ninety thousand people are living in it and loving it. They have a marvelous high school, its buildings covering several acres. The Spectator has been staying at the U. S. Grant Hotel, which cost two million dollars and is as comfortable and well managed as any hotel in the country. It has a bivouac grill, where you hang up your hat on a bayonet, and its bell-boys are decorated with more gold cord than the old General ever wore.

You can make a trip to Mexico from San Diego, where, having bought and mailed a few picture post-cards, you return hurriedly to your native land. The most interesting place to visit is the Theosophical Institution at Point Loma, where there is a school of nearly three hundred pupils, living in buildings and surroundings of great beauty, all of the children happy and contented, and seeking to make the Brotherhood of Man a living power. This theosophical organization has been much criticised in the past, but it seems to have laid aside its occultism and mysticism and to have developed into a real force. Pupils from twenty-four countries are here. They have no vacations, but remain at Point Loma until they have finished their education, which may be, if they choose, a full university course. Much attention is paid to manual training. The Spectator was impressed by the character and the earnestness and simplicity of the members of the teaching force whom he met.

The Spectator saw a beautiful ceremony in the Greek theater at Point Loma—a *real* Greek theater it was, like the one at Taormina, where the audience sits in a great half-circle and looks through the columns of the stage at the green hillsides and the breaking waves of the sea. One only needed Mount Ætna in the distance to make the likeness to Taormina complete.

Up through the deep green shrubbery of the canyon at the side of the stage there came running a group of a dozen little girls clad in white flannel dresses, with long flowing white capes, behind them two older maidens with violins. The children tossed

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their nosegays on the steps of the stage, ran to the open space in front, and danced a picture song, imitating the awakening of morn and the song of birds. Then they were joined by a dozen white-clad little boys, and all the children seated themselves in prettily arranged groups upon the steps of the theater, and gave a symposium of what their belief and instruction in theosophy meant to them. A little girl arose, and, raising her hands as if in invocation, cried three times, "Call them out, call them out, call them out!" And then from one and another of the chorus came the calling out of some helpful thought toward a good life. One was unselfishness, another honesty, and still another belief in the brotherhood of man. Then came a comment, "Yes, the brotherhood of man as taught by Christ." There were many "helps" suggested. A little herald arose and called for the "stumbling-blocks." Responses came quickly. One little fellow announced that "ignorance" was a great stumbling-block on the road leading toward the perfect life. Another declared that "false education is even worse." Finally, the chorus united in a sort of doxology, giving thanks for the blessings and teachings of theosophy. And then the band of little children fluttered down the canyon, and the Spectator went to another part of the grounds and saw folk-dancing by a group of older children in brilliant Swedish peasant costumes. There was chorus-singing, too—one song composed by the boy who led it, a song which he had written for and sung at the last Peace Conference at The Hague.

The effect of the whole entertainment (and it is a part of the regular work of the children, given daily, with variations, except on Sunday), in its setting of bright sunshine, beautiful shrubbery, and distant ocean, was most delightful and uplifting. The Spectator has seen many a Sunday-school play that was less effective and less religious. And this was a week-day celebration of the theosophists! Once more, as in many other lands, those immortal words were borne in upon him: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The Spectator is thankful for many things, and among them that he is not the Vice-President of the United States or other person high in authority. He has been trailing Vice-President Marshall through two fairs; and when he looks upon the silk-hatted, frock-coated city fathers (to say nothing of a troop of cavalry) who come forth to meet the Vice-President, he is glad to be able to climb into a hotel omnibus, unheralded and unattended, and to line up at the hotel counter and wait for his room like any other simple American citizen. And doubtless the Vice-President envies him the privilege.

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BY THE WAY

The passing of the horse and the coming of the motor car will possibly be regretted by no one more than by the sculptor and the artist. When the war is over, how are they to immortalize the military hero without his "favorite horse"? Alexander, Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, Sherman, Lee, all were men of the horse and all are pictured or sculptured as centaurs. But Joffre, von Hindenburg, French, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the Kaiser are automobile users. Can the sculptor or the artist make the automobile picturesque, like the "fiery steed"? The attempt will be waited with anxiety.

In a contest for prizes offered by the "American Printer" for the best catalogue-cover page the same "copy" was set in 463 different ways, "most of them good," by printers throughout the world. Four of the thirteen prizes were won by Massachusetts competitors, three by New York men, one each by printers in California, Illinois, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Iowa.

Adjoining the many facsimiles of these title-pages which the "American Printer" reprints may be found a title-page of B. Franklin's Catalogue of Books. The most striking difference between Franklin's typography and that of his successors is perhaps in the marked modesty with which the bookseller's name is presented in the older catalogue. Another difference is that Franklin's punctuation was minute to the last degree; while in the modern title-pages, probably without exception, the current fashion of omitting all punctuation marks at the end of the line is followed.

It is reported that British capitalists are planning to modernize Palestine if the Allies succeed in taking it from the Turks. Trolley lines and comfortable hotels are on the programme, and it is thought that the Zionist movement may receive a great impetus if an enlightened administration of the Holy Land is secured. The country under the new régime might afford a welcome refuge to thousands of Polish Jews whose homes have been destroyed during the conflict.

Seldom has a newspaper correspondent received a more complete "setting down" than in the case of a critic who abused the fair sex generally on the strength of a letter published in the New York "Evening Post" signed "Aunt Kate." At the end of the critic's wholesale attack on woman's "honor" because of Aunt Kate's alleged lack of it, the editor appended this brief reply: "The writer of the 'Aunt Kate' letter was a man."

While bread and all cereals have leaped in price, says a writer in the "Country Gentleman," potatoes are selling for just about half their price a year ago. The housekeeper who wishes to take advantage of this fact and use potatoes more freely is recommended by the writer quoted to send to the Department of Agriculture at Washington for Farmers' Bulletins Nos. 256 and 295, which contain valuable suggestions for cooking potatoes in appetizing ways.

A Western court, according to "Law Notes," recently decided that when a woman wears a skirt so tight that it interferes with the free use of her limbs she cannot maintain an action for personal injury. The case was that of a woman who broke her ankle in alighting from a railway car. As fashion is seldom influenced by legal decisions, it is fortunate for the woman traveler that fuller skirts are "coming in."

A writer of plays, an exchange relates, was reading a new work before a company of the French Society of Comedy, and presently was disturbed by the sight of one of the members fast asleep. The author stopped and reproved the sleeper. He was reading his play to the committee, he said, in order to obtain their opinion. How could a man who was asleep give an opinion? The somnolent critic rubbed his eyes and remarked, "Sleep is an opinion."

Some "interesting objects" that "Life" would like to see are these: "A railroad president being elected a member of the Don't Worry Club; a sign-painter who knows how to spell; a custom-house officer being presented on his birthday with a copy of Lord Chesterfield's letters; a spoiled child at a Mothers' Congress."

The Suez Canal traffic for 1914 did not suffer the diminution that might have been expected as a result of the war. In 1913 a total of 5,085 vessels passed through the Canal; in 1914 the number was 4,802. Of these vessels the vast majority were British; other nations in 1914 were represented in this order: German, Dutch, French, Austrian, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Danish, Greek, Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, Turkish, Siamese, American, Persian.

Be careful where you leave your magnifying-glass! A house was nearly burned down in New York recently because some one had left a magnifying-glass leaning against a wicker sewing-basket. The glass caught the rays of the noon sun, focused them on the inflammable material in the basket, a blaze followed, and before the firemen put it out $800 damage had resulted.

"The moment you become conscious of goodness you cease to be good," is an aphorism ascribed by a contemporary to a Buddhist source. Another analogous bit of Eastern flotsam from the press is attributed to Laotze: "Shall I return good for evil? What then should I return for good? My son, deal justly with all, and so shalt thou prosper."

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